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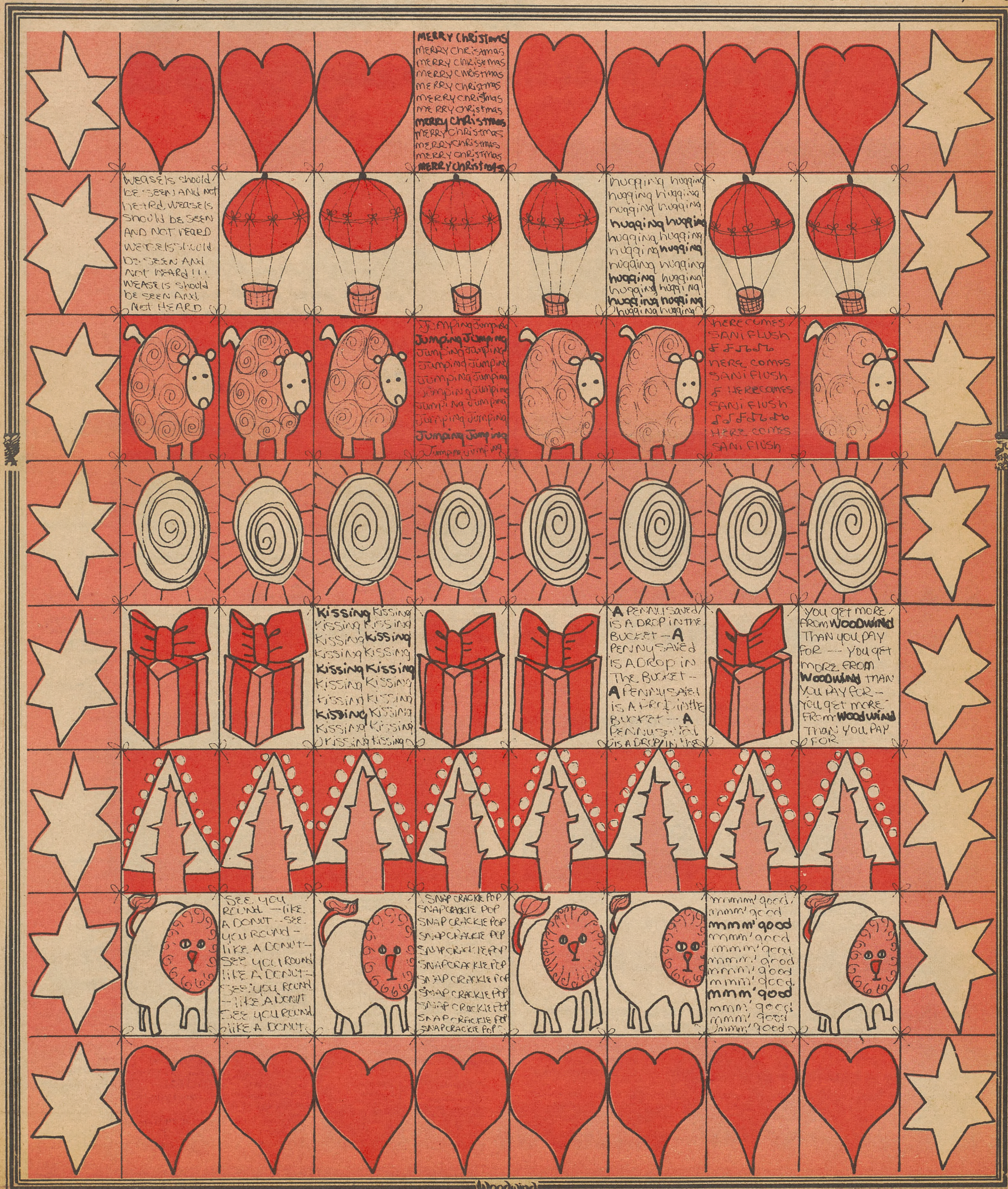
# WOODWIND

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DECEMBER 18, 1972





# Woodwind

## WOODWIND

AN ARTS PAPER

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### STAFF

COVER: Di Stovall

**PUBLISHER:** Mike Schreiberman  
**OFFICE MANAGER:** John Burgess  
**BOOKS:** John Burgess  
**PHOTOGRAPHY:** Patti Pearson  
**POETRY:** Deirdre Baldwin  
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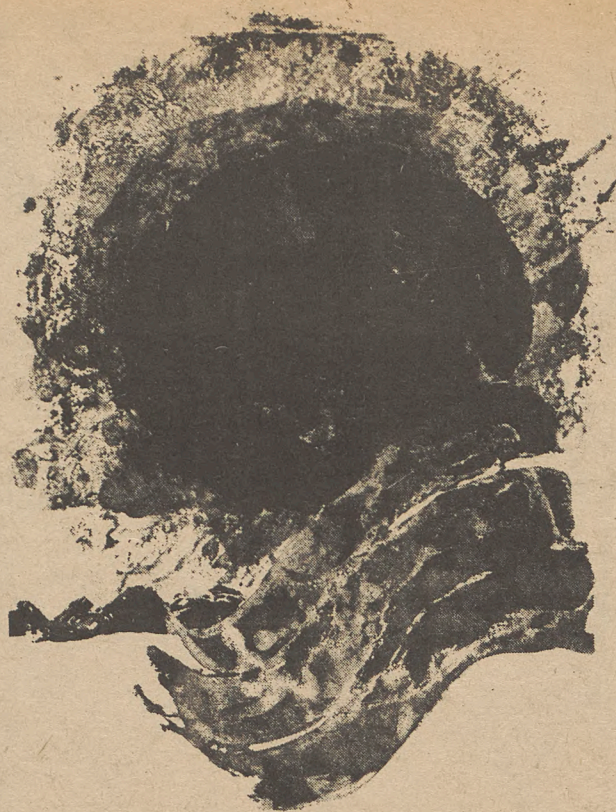
WOODWIND regrets the omission of credit to Jim Bauer for his story in the last issue: *DUCK STORY*. Jim, starving in NYC at least needs the byline.

**CONTRIBUTORS:** Anne Altman, Denise, David Tannous, David Logan, Mark Power, Ross Chapple, John Waldron.

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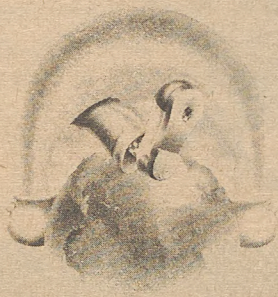
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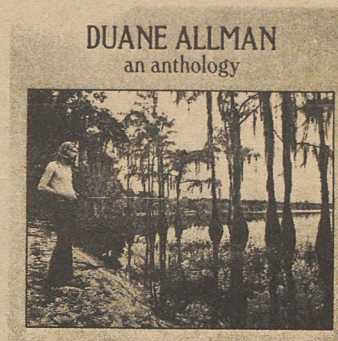
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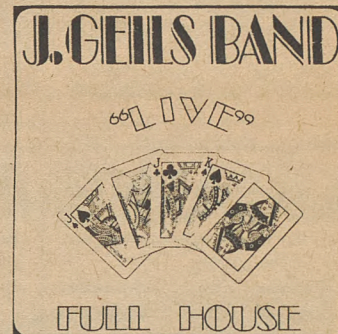
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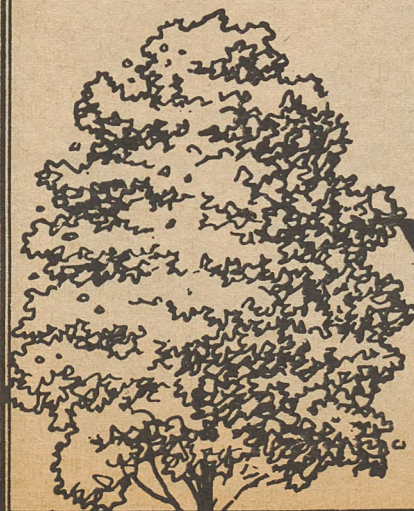
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# ART

## SAM GILLIAM

By DAVID TANNOUS

Sam Gilliam is giving a course in applied aesthetics at the Jefferson Place Gallery this month. In a set of 13 paintings — seven on the first floor and six on the second — he presents a textbook example of the development of a thought: from tentative beginnings, through a mid-ground of experimentation, to a successful conclusion.

The gallery invitation calls them "Fan Paintings," but a better description comes from the titles of the newer works on the first floor. They are "Rays": they deal with an organization of color and light that moves in a clearly defined pattern of expanding beams from the bottom to the top of the canvas.

The development of the pattern is most clearly seen in the six earlier paintings on the second floor, but in order to find its beginning, one has to drag two paintings from a storage closet in the exhibition room.

"Gizeh," completed in 1965, positions five hard-edged expanding rays of color on a square white field. The rays have a common point at the lower left corner; they grow wider as they move out across the canvas, clearly separated from each other by a strip of white, each ray a flat separate color.

In "To Green," of the same year, crucial changes appear. The colors no longer are flat; there is quite a bit of modulation within each hue. Most important, the rays touch: they bleed into each other, and edges are without sharp definition.

From this point, one can look at the canvases actually on view in the room and see a logical progression. The colors modulate more and more within each ray, the rays melt more thoroughly into each other, and the whole assemblage of color recedes from the top and right-hand edges of the canvas to form the outline of a ribbed fan.

Having seen this, one has some preparation for the explosion of beauty on the first floor.

Here the paintings, dating from 1970, form horizontal double squares. The single lower-left-corner arrangement of rays has been doubled by a mirror-image: the rays move from the center of the lower edge up and out to the four corners of the canvas.

The form is obviously a direct descendant of the works upstairs, but what a difference there is in the execution. It's like hearing the complete symphony after listening to part of a melody on a barrel organ. The rays shoot up through clouds of color, shadow and depth. Paint has been soaked, dropped, dribbled and squeezed on the canvas, and the canvas has been folded and rubbed in the process, so that the color isn't on the surface any more: it is within the fabric.

An incredible variation in perceived depth results: it's a new kind of perspective with an undiscovered set of rules. As the colors fluctuate in strength and melt together, shadows and distances project and recede: a whole group of paradoxical levels insist on a simultaneous existence.

Yet the works, though beautiful, aren't just "pretty." The structural form of the rays gives a coherence and logic to the deployment of the paint, and the range and juxtaposition of the colors is masterly, achieving unexpected effects without relying on the merely superficial or the spectacular.

Comparing these seven paintings with the six upstairs, one is struck by the development that has occurred in a few years. The earlier paintings could have been done by almost anyone who was familiar with the forms and theories of the color painters; quietly competent, there is nothing surprising about them.

In contrast, one cannot imagine that anyone else could have thought of doing the later works. They are indisputably the result of an original idea, a discovery of a new way to bring together canvas and paint.

The innovations extend even to the method of presenting these works. The canvases are pulled tight over thick stretchers with cambered, outward-diagonal edges. One function of this arrangement is to project the main portion of the painting quite far forward, so that it seems to be floating in front of the wall, rather than hanging on it.

Much more important, though, is the way that this unusual stretcher "continues" the painting beyond its apparent boundaries. The bevel is slight and unobtrusive, yet it is enough in evidence so that the eye can note the con-

tinuation of the painted canvas beyond the vertical plane. The eye notes it, but only on the periphery, and the notation is made almost subconsciously.

It seems unimportant, until one realizes that there must be some explanation for the mutually contradictory impressions of solidity and insubstantiality that each work evokes.

A transparent weightlessness is suggested as one sees the rays continue from the main part of the painting through the cambered sides, then, in an extrapolated trajectory, out into the room. Yet the impression of substance and depth is equally as strong, because the veins of color are seen to exist beyond the vertical surface, and, by extension, behind it, just as though each rectangle of colors were some unimaginably large slab of agate, cut and polished and bolted to the wall.

It is an extraordinary solution to the problem of defining the edge of the painting and making the transition from what happens on an expanse of taut canvas to what goes on in the rest of the room.

These works are so well thought out — and so well realized — that even the way they are stretched adds to their effectiveness. It is interesting, then, to compare them with some of Gilliam's more recent works, the ones for which he is now most famous, the "Suspended" or

These paintings are not in evidence in this show, but they have become almost the artist's trademark since he first began to make them four years ago. Composed of great hanging loops and swags of canvas covered with the brilliant bursts of color that fill the "Ray" paintings, they have been seen locally in a 1969 exhibition at the Jefferson Place and later at the Corcoran Gallery of Art.

A color photograph of one filled the cover of the October, 1970, issue of ART IN AMERICA, and a group of them represented Gilliam's work at the Venice Biennale this summer.

The "Suspended" paintings are a notable innovation, and the appeal of their novelty has almost succeeded in wrapping Gilliam's reputation in them for good. This is regrettable, because they are in no way the finished and self-assured works of art that his earlier stretched canvases are.

The stretched works succeed so brilliantly in part because of the tension set up between the free-floating arrangement of bright colors and the severe finality of the canvas edge. The "wildness" is contained on all sides, and the containment increases its effect, as the walls of a kiln increase the heat of the interior fire.

There is added tension, too, in the contrast of the perceived depth of the painted surface and the flatness of the stretched canvas on which the paint is placed. The whole process is a confrontation and reconciliation of opposites.

The tension is lost, both figuratively and literally, in the "Suspended" paintings. Hanging like a realization of those great swags of drapery that Thomas Cole loved to place between the columns in his large allegorical paintings of classical Rome, the "Suspended" pieces refuse to assume a conventional position against the wall.

They invade the exhibition space, forcing the viewer to move around them: for once, the paintings are in the center of the room, and the people are on the edges, instead of the other way around.

The idea is interesting, but it is always a tricky thing when a painter tries to move his paintings off the wall, to turn his two dimensions into three.

Usually the shape of what he is painting on becomes more important than what is painted: the work is seen as a sculpture rather than a painting. The painting becomes mere decoration, unable to hold its own against the force of its ground.

Some artists can achieve the necessary and difficult balance. Anne Truitt is one: the color and placement of the paint on her large columns holds just as much interest as the shapes she chooses to paint on. But this doesn't happen with Gilliam.

As the viewer moves between the heavy curves and shadows of the "Suspended" pieces, he can't be certain just what is there. Is that a painted depth in that corner, or is it real? Is that color what it seems to be, or has it been changed by a shadow from the fold of canvas nearby?

The wild brilliant streaks of color, already applied to simulate depth and modulation, are here moved through actual space and subjected to an increased modulation dependent on the vagaries of the hanging and the lighting.

It's *trompe l'oeil* to the second power, peppermint ice cream suspended in space.

These paintings recall some of those 18th Century German baroque ceilings, half plaster and half paint, in which no one can tell just where the cherubs and gold draperies start to come off the wall and move into the round. The works are closer to artifice than art; they would make splendid decorations for a department store window. In short, they're too much.

Gilliam has set himself a problem in these works that he hasn't yet solved. The nervous,

explosive rhythm of the paint is overwhelmed by the great looping folds of the canvas: there is none of the careful balance of tensions that makes the "Ray" paintings so successful. If he can develop works in this form that make what is painted as strong as the shape it is painted on, he will have a major achievement.

In the meantime, one can enjoy the "Ray" paintings at the Jefferson Place, each of them a beautiful and forceful work.

Walter Hopps hung the show. Cleverly, he placed the works quite low on the walls, so that as one examines a painting, the rays seem to rush from some point far beneath the floor, expand greatly just at eye level, and then move out past the edge of the canvas into the large white wall above, and continue, without end, through the room.



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This has been a year very much like other years — some things have gone excellently, other things, not so well. Like every other year, it has an end. Like every other year, there's a New Year right behind it.

For *WOODWIND*, this has been an exceptionally fine year. We wish to thank you, the contributors, advertisers, and readers, for making this year as good for us as it has been.

In 1973 we hope to bring you an even better paper. This is our community and it is up to us all to take the responsibility for the arts which bless it. We can make this area even more comfortable and pleasant to live and work in. Can you think of a better way to spend the next year?

Have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

*The WOODWIND Staff*

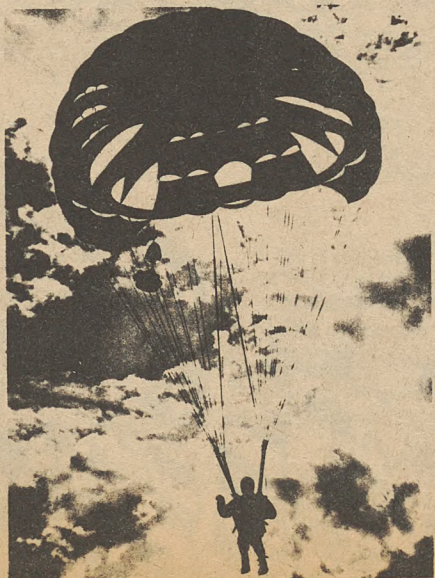


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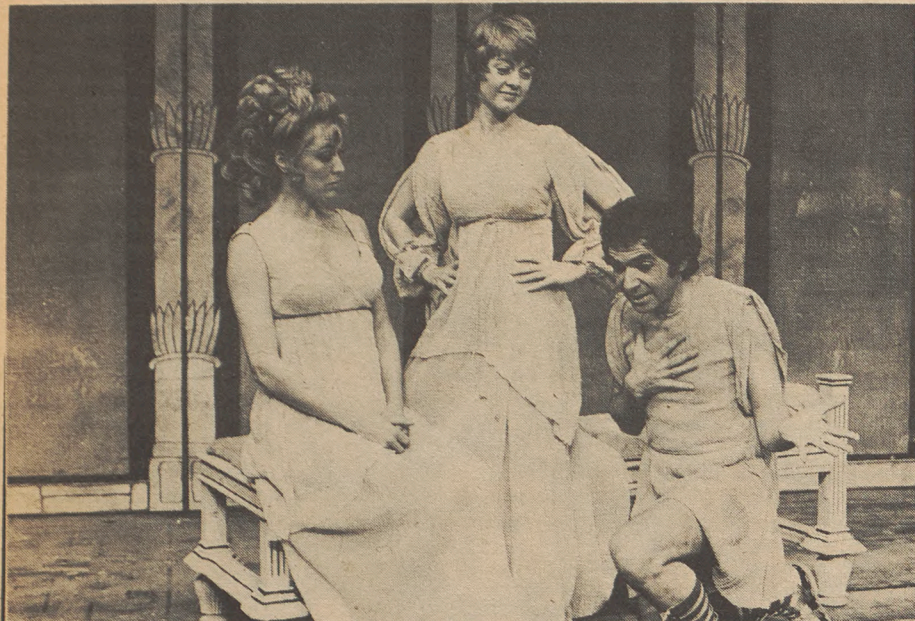
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# PERFORMANCE



THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE at the Washington Theatre Club

## THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE Washington Theatre Club

By Jay Alan Quantrell

Richard Rodgers is known to be one of the most successful composers in the history of the theatre. George Abbot is probably the most familiar of theatre men, as writer, director, and general handyman. Lorenz Hart, who died many years ago may not be very well known by name, but his songs live on long after him. These three men are responsible for the creation of a musical based on Shakespeare's THE COMEDY OF ERRORS. Shakespeare, the thief that he was, stole the story from some obscure Roman who probably stole it from an unknown Greek, things being what they were in those days. Anyway, the new show, new by standards of the late thirties, is called THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE. The Washington Theatre Club has just opened a revival of the show, and my emotions are mixed. My critical values are more clearly focused, but then... well...

Identical twins, with servants who are identical twins, double complicate the comedy. But in the Washington Theatre Club production, it isn't any funnier, only more complicated. The biggest pluses of the current edition are a young woman named Karen Shallo, playing the maid Luce, and Ronn Robinson as a sorcerer. There are a few other roles that are executed with a certain amount of expertise, but not enough to disguise the datedness of the work. Karen Shallo is eternally funny, rich and warm. She attacks her part with the aplomb of a seasoned comedienne itching for a role to call her own. Give her the whole show and the world will gladly be her oyster. Ronn Robinson was usually hysterical. A few others, such as Susan Long for her charm and lovely voice, added whatever they could.

Pity is that the director wasn't clever enough to know how to blend all the abundant talents of the cast and the writers into a show that could satisfy an audience. There were women more beautiful, and more abundant, than I have seen on the WTC stage before.

But the overall concept of the production was virtually nonexistent. Such a piece requires a style, a certain amount of camp and a vision. It had none of this.

It has pleasant music, some of which is famous, like "Falling In Love With Love," "This Can't Be Love," and "Sing For Your Supper." The setting was well designed and executed, and the costumes function well. But as a whole, the production doesn't leave you joyous. You might glimpse a view of what this show could be, but you won't really experience it.

CODA  
D.C. Black Repertory Theatre

Professional Theatre by a black company is finally a reality in Washington, D.C. At long last, there is a full-fledged company of black actors, writers, and technicians dedicated to theatre arts as they relate to the black members of our community. It is a company which has a lot to offer the rest of the community. As founder Robert Hooks has commented, it is an enterprise which recognizes that theatre must entertain to be good, and to this end he is devoting a lot of time and effort.

The first productions of the company were out of the workshops that are the artistically educational aspects of the D.C. Black Repertory Theatre; but the production that has just opened is a professional production of a new play by Evan Walker called CODA. It is a play with power and passion, with some excellent writing and a handful of well drawn characters caught in the frustrations of post-VietNam America. The story concerns an elderly lawyer living in Harlem. With him lives his ancient mother who spends her days sitting in her rocking chair, reliving her life in Georgia. She is the "living history of the black people" in the slave South. Also living with the lawyer are his two sons. One, the elder, is a successful writer who writes somewhat pornographic - but socially slanted - novels for which he is very well paid. The younger son is a returned VietNam POW, prisoner of war, trying to make sense of the reality he has faced and the frustrations which greet him on his return.

In the same building lives the youngest son's best friend who is now in jail, and his mother. The friend is never seen, for he is suspiciously injured while in prison. The other major character is another friend who is a militant black revolutionary. The fates and feelings of these people are the subjects of CODA. I say subjects because so many issues are involved and given equal time that no single issue is clearly central. Are we to assume that the central issue is white racist brutality towards the blacks... the problems of returning VietNam veterans... a generation gap between the militant young and the conservative middle-aged black... the problems of whether a father who is a lawyer should give the fullest defense to a black militant when he knows it will harm the lives and fortunes of his sons... any one of these subjects would make a full-length play. A good example is the Back Alley production of Glenda Dickerson's A TORTURE OF MOTHERS, about the Harlem Six: it focuses on white police brutality and its ramifications.

Certainly one play can discuss more than one issue, but not as fully as does Evan Walker's CODA. It needs trimming, focusing, sharpening. But for all these dramatically technical problems, it is good writing in many instances. Some of the scenes are filled with unrelenting power and persuasion. Only one performance failed to qualify as captivating and that one need not be dwelt upon. But Dee Porter's white-haired Mama Sally; Charlie Brown's putting-on of Willie Duncan, the writer; and Kene Holliday's troubled veteran stand out as right on target. A beautiful job of character-acting was turned in by a performer who goes by the name Moon, who seems made for the part of Smokey Jackson, the Black Revolutionary.

The cast and the script are rich with today's humor, steeped in today's problems, and compellingly alive. CODA joins A TORTURE OF MOTHERS as another example of magnificent black theatre, for which Washington has long been waiting. CODA plays through the end of December at the Last Colony Theatre. It's a must!

J.A.Q.

## CAR THREE LITTLE KITTENS American University

By Perry Schwartz

University Theatre should present an ideal situation for producing new and seldom produced scripts. Unfortunately, for a whole variety of reasons, most of which have to do with an academic conceit and deception called "educational theatre," University Theater rarely tries new scripts. American University for one of its productions this season, has offered two new one-acts in its most recent production. It is interesting, however, that a student was given the directing assignment. That student, Beckie McGinnis, does a respectable job of handling two scripts. Nothing flashy, but solid. Each show has a unity and a minor style statement. There are many staff directed university productions which cannot make that claim.

The occasion for this evening of productions is really The Audrey Wood Playwrighting Contest, an annual A.U. event. The winner of last year's competition, which opens the evening, is CAR by McCrea Imbrie and Neil Selden. The second play entitled THREE LITTLE KITTENS, by Eve Friedman, is the better of the two. THREE LITTLE KITTENS establishes a believable and, I think, basically realistic picture of the frustrations of three teenagers, 12 to 14, as they try to face the adult world of sex and human relationships. Two of them are cousins, Fran Bushman and Charles Wallau, from broken homes. The third, Doris Indyke, is a friend. They mess around with and are frustrated by

what they think sex is. Their frustration and fright are beautifully physicalized at the end of the play, when Ivan, the male cousin, methodically destroys his cousin Trinia's prize possession - a phonograph - as the two girls sleep huddled together on a small cot. All three of the actors do a believable job playing subteens. CAR focuses on the loneliness of two individuals. One who has just lost his family in an auto accident and the other who goes out to meet people by looking at used cars they are selling. The problem with this script is that the characters are too stilted for us to be concerned with them. We are told that they are lonely, but we are not shown. The play reminds me of the writing of Maria Fornes except that she deals with cardboard situations in which her cardboard characters can function on a believable level. In this play cardboard characters want us to believe they are experiencing real emotions. Actually, Smithy McGinnis, as the Seller, almost pulls it off. He fleshes out his character vocally and physically and one can almost believe him. Les Blatt, as the Buyer, stays at a one dimensional level and gives McGinnis little to play off.

Technically, the whole production leaves a great deal to be desired. A lecture hall is not a theatre even if you thrust the stage out a bit. The handling of the slides in CAR was particularly awkward and, at times, distracting. I know nothing of the facilities at A.U., but there must be a better space somewhere.

I am always happy to see University Theatre trying new scripts and for that I say keep it up. In fact, do more. These scripts were fair-to-good and the production quite respectable in many ways.



CODA at the D.C. Black Repertory Theatre

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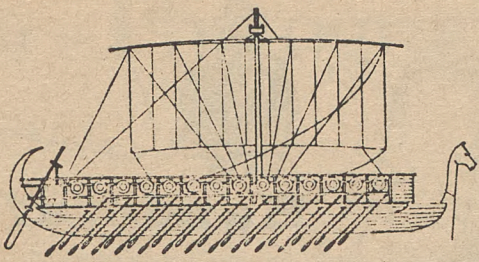
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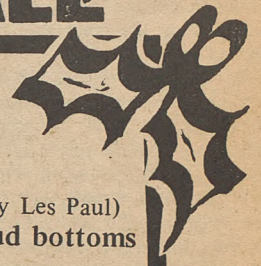
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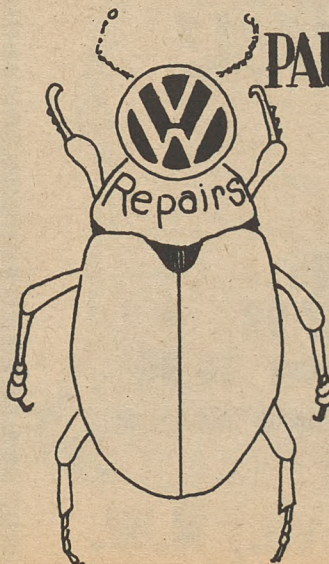
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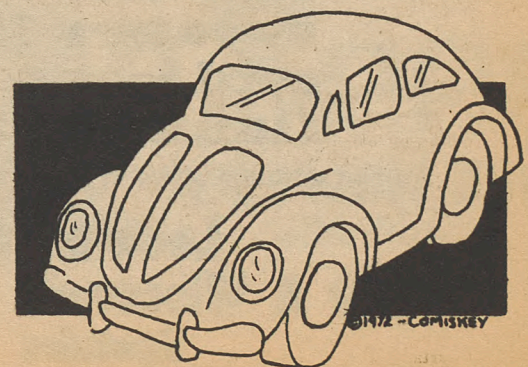
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# Writers Workshop

By Sarah Lord

Antioch College is sponsoring a series of five weekend WRITERS WORKSHOPS to start in February and run through the spring of '73.

Joyce Varney is the author of A WELSH STORY, a novel about growing up in a mining town in Wales prior to World War II. She is also head of the Writing/English Department of Antioch College, Baltimore-Washington campus. Recently in her Baltimore downtown office she talked with someone interested in the Workshops, explaining how the five conference-retreats would be organized. The cubicles allotted the Antioch writing staff in Baltimore are as small and cluttered with books and equipment as the halls are bare and wide with linoleum and flat lighting. But then Antioch has never bothered much with how good something LOOKS. Joyce pushed her chair back against the wall to make room for her visitor. Behind her through the window construction workers moved about on a vast orange skeleton, smoothing cement coiling wet as toothpaste as it gurgles from the sleeve of a three-story cement mixer.

"The demand for teaching of writing is overwhelming," Joyce was saying. "And yet there is virtually no place where the adult can get professional criticism unless he enrolls, full-time in college. I am convinced that potential writers are frustrated because of this problem."

The WRITERS WORKSHOPS, Joyce went on to explain, will be devoted entirely to writers and the craft of writing. They are designed to provide potential writers with a forum in which to work with professional writers. Creative writing can be very lonely, Joyce believes, and every writer must have something to bounce his work off of, to see what works and what doesn't. This is the purpose of WRITERS WORKSHOPS.

"Grace and I have divided up over-all responsibility for the five weekends. We will bring in professional authors we are excited about, whose perspective is of use to less experienced writers. And I can tell you, we mean to work everyone's little [pause] off."

Grace is poet and playwright Grace Cavalieri, a resident writer with Antioch, whose energy is so abundant she rarely finds time to sit on her own pause. But she STOOD still for a moment to convey her excitement about the

Workshops. "I've participated, and so has Joyce, in schools and adult education situations as a 'visiting artist' and these writing sessions are invariably packed. You have no idea how many people — bankers, lawyers, IBM people, housewives, construction workers [she pointed out the window to the men on the bright girders] they all have a manuscript squirreled away somewhere. And they want criticism so badly, it's so rarely available to them. That's what these Workshops are all about. We are concerned with HOW the writer is inspired. You can't imagine," added the author of over a hundred published poems and fifteen produced plays, "the creativity that comes from working intensely with other writers. This is the most immediate reward of writers conferences."

The WRITERS WORKSHOPS are to take place in Ilchester, Maryland, near Columbia. "First they wanted me to have them here," Joyce chuckled. "But I wouldn't do it. Institutional space doesn't lend itself to creativity. We need a totally art-centered environment. Trinity in Ilchester provides that; it's beautiful and it's centrally located as well."

Trinity Preparatory School is a wooded campus just off of Route 29 outside the Baltimore beltway. Each Workshop is scheduled to begin with Friday dinner and run through Sunday lunch. The five conferences are:

February 23	FICTION
March 16	THEATRE
April 6	POETRY
April 27	TECHNICAL WRITING & JOURNALISM
May 4	CHILDREN'S LIT.

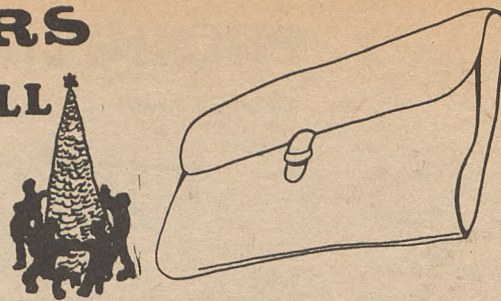
Each Workshop is worth one college credit. Tuition, plus room and board, is \$80.00 per weekend. Some of the Workshops will close with writing competitions and awards.

"I want to stress one thing," Joyce said. "We'll be working people hard the whole weekend. You see, I really believe in writers conferences. That's how I got my start. They work."

Anyone interested in Antioch's WRITERS WORKSHOPS should contact the Writing Department of Antioch, 535 St Paul Place, Baltimore, MD 21202; or call Joyce or Grace at (301) 752-3656.

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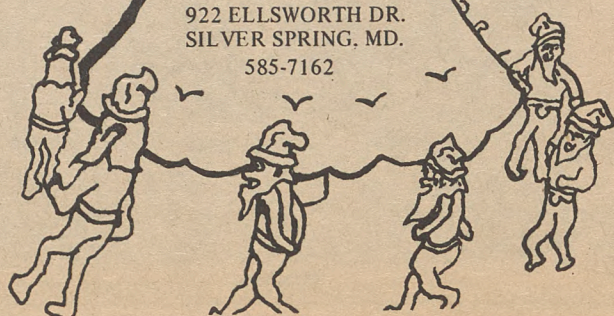


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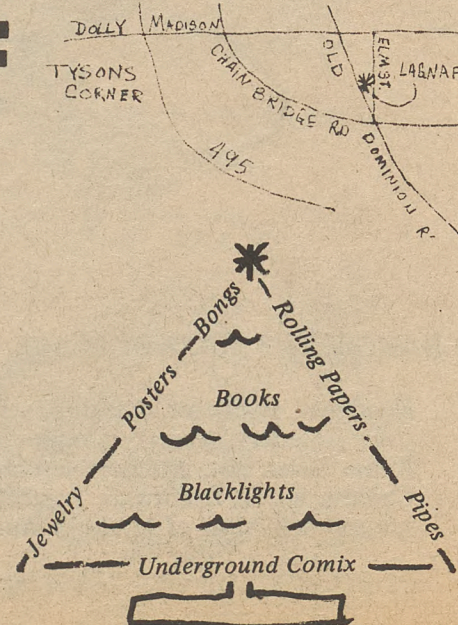
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# Photography Contest a success!!

To understate things exceedingly, the WOODWIND staff was most gratified with the results of the first annual BOOMER COOLIDGE MEMORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST. Not only were we overwhelmed by the quantity of photographs — well over a thousand entries — but we were astonished by the overall quality of the work.

We were pleased to find that amateurs, sometimes taking photographs for the first time, and professionals, who had shown their photos many times before, were equally attracted to the competition. In fact, one of the photographers who won among the top five places doesn't even own a camera! What more could we ask? We are very, very pleased and very, very grateful to you all.

Following is a list of the winners:

I	"Librium"	Robert Filsinger
II		Ragan Adams
III		Christopher Li
IV		Frank P. Di Perna
V		Diane Spence

6	Rich Guralnic
7	Denzil D. Spicer
8	Marie Frederick
9	Ann Sirane
10	Constance Sprague
11	Miriam Bokser
12	Greg Palma
13	Elien Condi
14	Rick Rinehart
15	Benjamin Luorie
16	Jim Crane
17	Jan Frankina
18	Ragan Adams
19	Bruce Grant
20	Constance Sprague
21	Geraldine Wurzburg
22	Jules Trammel
23	James Pearson
24	Michale Fitzpatrick
25	Jon Francis
26	Douglas R. Goodhill
27	Kerry L. Witmer
28	Peter S. Banner
29	Susan Pope
30	Denzil D. Spicer

The above photographs will be on display at the Silver Image Photography Gallery, 1804 Wisconsin Avenue, N.W., starting January 17.  
Our warmest congratulations to the winners.

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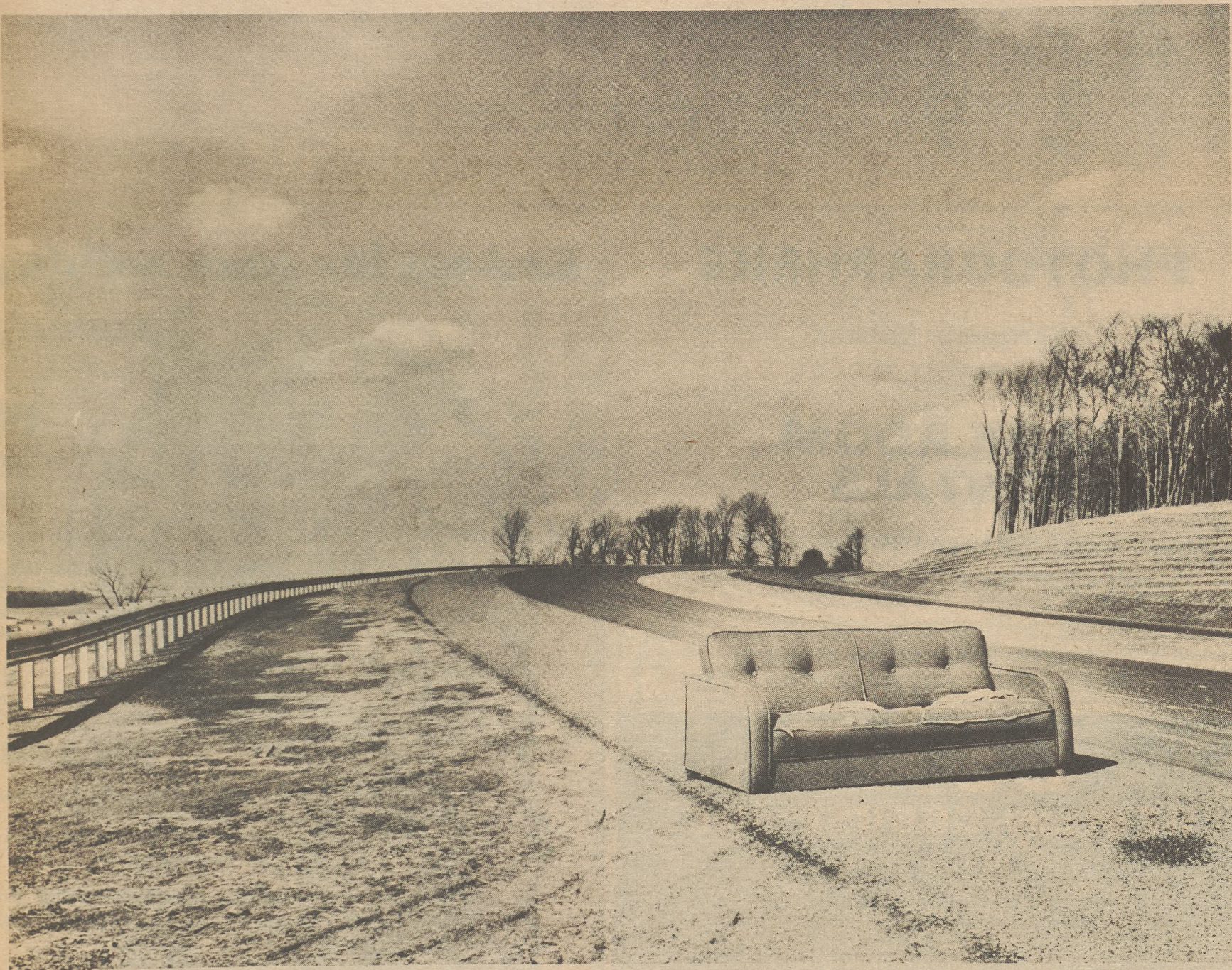
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First Annual



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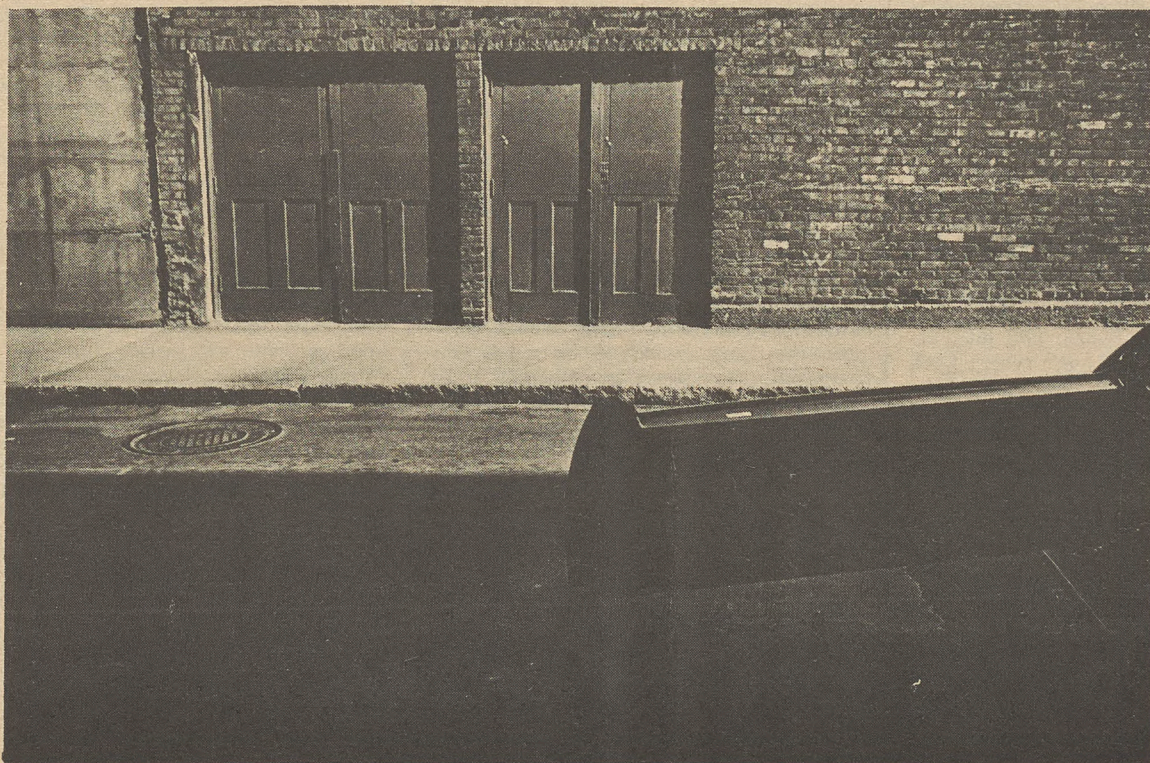


3.

CHRISTOPHER LI

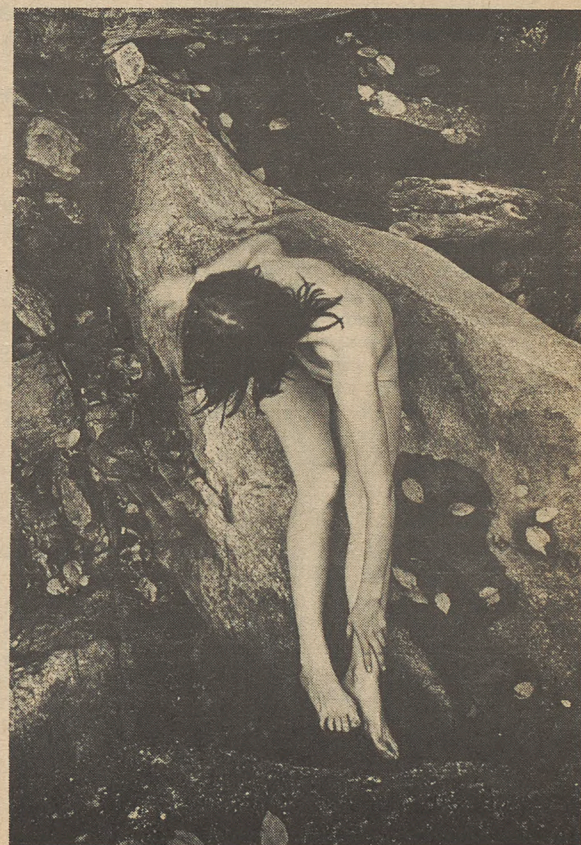
FRANK P. DIPERNA

4.



DIANE SPENCE

5.





# COUNTERNOTES

## TO DO YOUR SHOPPING BY

By Bruce Rosenstein

I get fed up with people (especially those in the music industry) who say there is no good current rock music being put out. For the last couple of months I've been listening almost exclusively to current releases. And 1972 in general had some mighty fine things. The following is not a list of all the best things, but a good number of them; especially those which somehow got passed by underservedly. Here goes:

**THE VELVET UNDERGROUND LIVE AT MAX'S KANSAS CITY** — (Cotillion); **LOU REED** — (RCA); **TRANSFORMER** — Lou Reed — (RCA)

The Velvet Underground was one of the best groups of the sixties, and most of it had to do with Lou Reed. The live album is incredible, done the last night the group played together, with good versions of "I'm Waitin' For The Man," "Beginning To See The Light," "Pale Blue Eyes," and other old and newer Velvet favorites. Lou was in good form and the band was nice and loose. The recording was done on a Sony cassette machine in the audience, so the quality isn't great, but the list price has been lowered a couple of bucks to compensate.

Lou Reed's first solo was a gas: "Wild Child," and "Lisa Says" are surely going to be classics. The whole album had a very distinct Velvets feel, it seems a little more so than TRANSFORMER, which is not all that different from LOU REED. But I want to save a complete review for next issue, so you'll have to wait for that. All in all, a very lucrative year for Lou Reed freaks.

**BLUE OYSTER CULT** — (Columbia)

The best hard rock album of 1972, without a doubt. These guys have managed to capture the raw sounds of groups like Deep Purple and Black Sabbath and put some thought behind it, which produced some frighteningly powerful lyrics to go along with the driving, gut-level guitar work by the world's smallest super-guitarist, Don (Buck Dharma) Roesar. Their music, especially live, often ventures near the point of chaos, but just seems to hang by the edge for a while and brings itself back. How can you argue with a band who titles songs "She's As Beautiful As A Foot," "Transmaniacon MC," and "I'm On The Lamb But I Ain't No Sheep?" A devilishly good debut album, with a new one due soon.

**SITTIN' IN** — Kenny Loggins & Jim Messina — (Columbia)

It's amazed me how this group has been flirting with superstardom but not yet achieved it. This album is a very pleasing blend of country and rock and Loggins is a formidable new talent. The whole album is very good, there's only maybe one bummed cut, and I think it's a lot better than their new one, although maybe I just haven't listened to that one enough. This is more enjoyable for me than any of Messina's former employers, Poco, have done in a long while. It's a good time LP if there ever was one.

**SAILIN' SHOES** — Little Feat — (Warners)

When is everyone gonna realize that Little Feat is one of the very best bands around? This album had a lot more rock and a lot less country than their first. I'm trying to tell myself that all of the radio station copies of "Easy To Slip" must have been broken in the mail or something, because I can't think of another reason why it wasn't a hit single. Every serious (or not so serious) rock fan should have this album. If you are feeling shitty, depressed, I suggest you try listening to the song "Trouble." It seems to have a therapeutic effect.

**EAGLES** — (Asylum)

A genuine, rootin' and tootin', super-star country and rock band which helped brighten the nation's air-waves this summer with "Take It Easy," (I think that's one of the few songs which will really live on and be an oldie, as opposed to most of the other recent Top 10 hits). There's better things on the album than the follow-up "Witchy Woman," like the other Jackson Browne tune, "Nightingale," (a smash hit if there ever was one), "Chug All Night," and "Earlybird." Bernie Leadon's guitar is superb.

**CASTLES** — Joy of Cooking — (Capitol)

Joy of Cooking's music just makes you feel good. The first cut on the album, "Don't The Moon Look Fat and Lonesome" is one of the

best songs of the year, with a great lyric by Toni Brown, who played the electric piano for everything it was worth on this one, and there was Terry Garthwaite's usual great vocal. "Lady Called Love," "Let Love Carry You Along," and their version of Blind Lemon Jefferson's "Bad Luck Blues" all stand out. The slower things tend to drag, but the others grab you and don't let up. Unfortunately, Toni Brown recently left the group, and it seems like she'll be hard to replace. Anyway, after three albums they're still going strong.

**FOGHAT** — (Bearsville)

Unadventurous, but very solid and satisfying hard rock from a group featuring three out of four members from Savoy Brown. Foghat is so much better than the current Savoy Brown that it makes you realize how much they had to do with Savoy's sound. Willie Dixon's "I Just Want To Make Love To You" has been getting some airplay as a single, but it's not the best cut; vying for that honor are "Trouble, Trouble," "Highway (Killing Me)," and "A Hole To Hide In." They are produced by Dave Edmunds, who, come to think of it, and a pretty nifty album this year himself: ROCKPILE.

**NO ANSWER** — Electric Light Orchestra — (United Artists)

Roy (The Move) Wood's classical rock experiment, and basically it was a success. "Look At Me Now," "Mr. Radio," and "Nellie Takes Her Bow" had that eerie Move-like quality but the sound is a bit more classical than rock. The lead instruments were cello, oboe, violin and French horn. Possibly too heavy for some, but Move-lovers should definitely have it. It's been a pretty good year for Roy Wood and pianist Jeff Lynne, who has inherited ELO from Wood, who has started a new group called Wizzard. The Move came up with an astonishing two-sided British hit single, which was released over here to the usual apathy, "Do Ya" b/w "California Man," the latter a fifties-inspired Jerry Lee Lewis-like stomper. "Do Ya" has some lovely lyrics coupled with Wood playing Lou Reed-like on guitar. It's like the story with so many others: it should have been Number 1, but it never will. Sigh. . .

**WILDERNESS ROAD** — (Columbia)

This was one of the undiscovered gems of the past year. You heard a lot of it when it first came out and then nothing. Wilderness came up with a fusion of country music and hard rock, and presented a strong sound. Maybe people didn't feel like accepting another concept album, which this was, but the story, about a fugitive outlaw, was done well. On stage, the band gets into some good humor and works well with the audience, but on record, none of this was attempted. If there's a store still carrying this, it's worth your while to check it out. Columbia dropped them, but their new album on Reprise should be out shortly.

**THE BIG MOOSE CALLS HIS LADY SWEET LORRAINE** — Jake and the Family Jewels — (Polydor)

This, and their first (available in better bargain bins), picks up good time music where the Lovin' Spoonful left off six years ago. Jake may not be a John Sebastian (though these days I'm not so sure about John), but he writes nice songs and has a friendly voice. This album might have been subtitled "A guide to survival in New York City." The album starts off very strong, with three excellent songs, "Sunshine Joe," "Don't Look Back (I Heard Somebody Say)," and "Lake Louise." I find Jake and the Family Jewels much more soothing than any ten singer-songwriter types. His financial failure in the light of artistic success mystifies me.

**HOBO'S LULLABY** — Arlo Guthrie — (Reprise)

This was really the first Arlo album I've tried to get into and it's quite good. Unless you absolutely never listen to radio, you've probably heard his fine version of Steve Goodman's "City Of New Orleans." At first, I didn't think his was as good as the original, but I grew to like it even a little more than Steve's. There's also a great old country song, "Shackles And Chains," with some dynamite fiddle playing, a good version of Hoyt Axton's "Lightning Bar Blues," and dad Woody's "1913 Massacre." Arlo's picked some top flight material to work with, but good material doesn't necessarily mean it's going to turn

out good. But Arlo and his backup musicians have done a good job. This album won't knock you out, but it is rather pleasing, and I'm sure his hard core fans (if there are that many) love it.

**THE RISE AND FALL OF ZIGGY STARDUST AND THE SPIDERS FROM MARS** — David Bowie — (RCA)

The publicity campaign for David has been just about the most intensive of all time, but it's still not working. Whenever we pick up some kind of periodical, there's a picture and story about him, but nobody's buying his records yet, which is a shame because they are so good. ZIGGY is his best to date, mainly hard rock like "Hang On To Your Life" and "Suffragette City," and tasteful, yet strictly commercial stuff like "Starman." This album is a lot simpler and less complicated than his previous works, especially HUNKY DORY, but the simplification has helped the lyrics. The problem in his lack of acceptance could be associated merely with non-musical factors, centered around his bisexual approach, but I doubt whether he is putting us on or having fun at the audience's expense. There are loads of sequined imitators, but David (and Lou Reed) represent the real thing.

**HOT LICKS, COLD STEEL, AND TRUCKER'S FAVORITES** — Commander Cody and his Lost Planet Airmen — (Paramount)

Although they still have not managed to capture the excitement of their live shows on records, this one still has a lot going for it. The whole thing is dedicated to trucks and truckers, and the best things are "Truck Stop Rock," "Truck Drivin' Man," and "I Took Three Bennies and My Semi-Truck Won't Start." Although I would like to hear more of the originals of this type of music like Billy Lee Riley and Warren Smith, Cody's group is the best today at the fifties "Rockabilly" sound made famous by Sun records. As usual, the lead singer, Billy C. Farlow, is fantastic. And of course, the fact that "Hot Rod Lincoln" from the first album was a hit single this past spring was the surprise of the year. If you see them live, both of their records will make more sense to you.

**SUNDANCE** — Mountain Bus — (Good Records)

This is a strange, yet delightful record by a group from Chicago that seems to be so much into the Grateful Dead that they actually become the Dead at times. Their version of "I Know You Rider" is similar to the Dead's, and "Sing A New Song" and "Rosalie" will send you scurrying to your turntable to make sure there's not actually a Dead album on there. The title cut is a bitch, and actually ranks with some of the better stuff the Dead have come up with. Due to the group Mountain, who tried to sue them (though Mountain Bus was together a couple of years before Mountain) they have supposedly split up, but this record is a must for Dead freaks. In Chicago it only costs a couple of bucks, but you can probably still get a copy at Discount Records, where they have about ten copies lying around their cut-out section. It's a collector's item at a reasonable price, which is a rarity.

**SILVER PISTOL and NERVOUS ON THE ROAD** — Brinsley Schwarz — (United Artists)

I don't know what the best album of the year was, but I've narrowed it to these two. For the past six months or so I seem to manage to get this group into the conversation when I'm talking about music, but if you're sick of me talking about them, you won't get sick of listening to them. SILVER PISTOL took the best of the early Band records and combined that with the best of the mid-sixties Dylan, added a touch of American Beauty/Workingman's Dead, and came up with one of the most listenable albums I've come across in a long while. Even though these guys aren't the originals, I'd be bold enough to say that what they are doing today sounds better than the current works of the people they patterned themselves after. NERVOUS ON THE ROAD was more rock than SILVER PISTOL, so if you're more partial to country, you might want to get into SILVER PISTOL first. Both albums prove that Englishmen certainly play American music.

**CAN'T BUY A THRILL** — Steely Dan — (ABC)

A totally knockout album. "Do It Again," with its Latin-percussive feel, is doing well as a single, but the nice thing is that just about any song on the album could be a hit. Try "Turn That Heartbeat Over Again," "Midnight Cruiser," or "Change Of The Guard." This band is very tight, and the team of Becker and Fagan has written some first-rate lyrics. This is one of the very few LP's I've come across when there are no cuts on which I feel compelled to get up and advance the needle to the next one. Both lyrically and musically, one of the best albums of the year. Will they

fail in their bid for success? Only a fool would say that.

**FULL HOUSE** — J. Geils Band — (Atlantic)

This was by far the best live album of the year, and one of the best I've ever heard, because it captures the frenzy and excitement of a J. Geils performance. Recorded in the get-down capital of the country, Detroit, this set moves along at a tremendous pace, with no separation between songs, it's all there and very immediate. No new material, but all your faves from the first two albums, like "Looking For A Love," (an especially good version of that), "First I Look At The Pulse," "Serves You Right To Suffer," and "Whammer Jammer." Peter Wolf gets a little too obnoxious, but I imagine that's an integral part of the act. Hard rock with a flair, that's the J. Geils Band, and they're on their rockin' best on FULL HOUSE.

**WIND OF CHANGE** — Peter Frampton — (A&M)

This album is a real sleeper, which is not to say that it will put you to sleep. If you're expecting heavy metal stuff like Peter's old band, Humble Pie, used to play, forget it, because very little of the album is hard rock. It lies in some netherworld between hard and soft rock and it sounds comfortable there. Most of the subject matter deals with the freedom, relief, and challenge which came about when he left Humble Pie. There's a fairly decent version of "Jumping Jack Flash," the only non-original, but there are far better tunes, like "The Lodger," "Fig Tree Bay," "All I Want To Be," and "Alright." Peter's got a very nice voice, so he doesn't sound silly when he's being reflective, and as you know from Humble Pie records he's quite a good guitarist, only know he sounds much better in a less heavy context. He's since formed a band called Frampton's Camel, with Mike Kellie, Ricky Wills, and Mick Gallagher (from the late British bands Spooky Tooth, Cochine, and Bell & Arc). All except Gallagher play on the album, and there is some nice help from Billy Preston, Ringo Starr, Andy Bown, and guitarist Frank Carillo from the British group Doc Holliday. Pass on this at your own expense.

**SUNSTORM** — John Stewart — (Warners)

At a time when singer-songwriters are so popular, I can't see why John isn't. Not only was "Kansas Rain" the best non-hit single of the year, (it was so good they never even released it as a single, the dummies) but Side One with songs like the title cut and the rocking "Bring It On Home" is about as close to perfection as you're going to see. This LP says a lot about America, some hopeful things for a change, and it's most inspiring. And his voice is better than most who tackle this country-folk-rock approach. Speaking of dummies, Warner Brothers has dropped him from their illustrious roster, proving that justice doesn't fully exist and that not everyone's judgement in Burbank is perfect. Let's hope somebody gets him who appreciates his talent.

By Richard Harrington

This dime bag of reviews is merely intended to say a little about ten albums I've listened to in the last few weeks that I like and feel other people might enjoy. I'm only meaning to say a few words about each, so that you might become interested enough to find out the details for yourself.

1. Loudon Wainwright has lingered near the surface of stardom, just slightly past the level of cult, but also short of the necessary acceptance by the general public. In a system of music that is increasingly becoming susceptible to freakishness of a visual nature, Wainwright is uniquely freakish in the visions of his poetry, in the all-encompassing reach of his comprehension. His new album, ALBUM III (Columbia KC 31462), is his best to date laying bare the fragile aspects of his mind and body in songs that range from the funny "Dead Skunk" to the word-balance ingenuity of "Needless To Say," which lies close to psychoanalytic poetry. His voice is treacherously real and he can amaze with the range of his vision. A fascinating personality is revealed in this worthwhile album that lies beyond folk and rock.

2. Like the man who plays it, the music of John Hartford is friendly. You can listen to it and feel you've stumbled in on a long-lost friend who has spent his time mastering the banjo, guitar and fiddle. And his friend, Norman Blake, just adds to the feeling. Mostly, the songs he sings have the base familiarity because there's a universal touch to even the specifics — from "Howard Hughes Blues" (We should all have such problems) to the nostalgic "Nobody Eats At Linbaugh's Anymore" to the road-weary "Got No Place To Go." Hartford has never been blessed with a very pure voice, but it works to his advantage by adding an additional quality to his lyric



moods. Those moods are rooted in country living and attitudes, somewhat burned by hassles of urban living. But always pointing up. This and his last album are very representative of his present situations and reflect a very talented and enjoyable writer and picker. The album is called BUGLER (on Warner Bros.).

3. I have no idea where Dan Fogelberg comes from, but his first album, HOME FREE (on Columbia), is a compendium of all that is best in groups like Cowboy, Lazarus and America. Recorded in Nashville with the help of some old Area Code 615 hands (Norbert Putnam, Kenney Buttrey, Weldon Myrick), this album occupied my turntable for about a week as the record I went to sleep with — particularly the first side. To describe it as mellow is selling it short — more than mellow, it is graceful and lovely and other such asexual terms that so many rock people seem to regard as a negative quality. "Time is a baby child/found in the rain/born of fever/She'll bring you pretty songs/Laced through with lies/But don't you believe her." The songs are love comprehended form different angles and experiences. Fogelberg's voice is Eagles-Jackson Browne styled and his tunes are memorable without being overbearing. He describes himself best in a song called "Anyway I Love You": "I have so much I can offer you/More to please you with than most/But trying to tie you down is harder than/Trying to hold on to a ghost."

4. Kenny Loggins and Jim Messina came up with a winning album early this year — SITTIN' IN — and they easily repeat that success with their new offering, LOGGINS & MESSINA (on Columbia). Once again the factors that contribute to the success are clear, exciting vocals and very tight band work framing an excellent set of original songs. The mood is basically rock, with heavy debt to country-and-western as "Whiskey" is a bitter-sweet ballad about working in nightclubs, and "Golden Ribbons" is an effective plea for ending all wars. Other songs cover the gamut of emotions from love and jealousy to just plain getting it on. What distinguishes the group from so many others is the precision and overall simplicity of their design. Nothing seems to be needed beyond what is given and the melodies are able to stand on their very own, considerable strengths. Loggin's voice is particularly attractive in its approachability.

5. John Prine continues to write songs that knock you dead, and his second album, DIAMONDS IN THE ROUGH (on Atlantic) contains a dozen more. While not as consistently unique as those on the first album, they still reveal a particularly urban, working-class insight into the vagaries and variations of life. Prine works his songs to the merely essential, also, and for the most part, anything else would be superfluous. "The Great Compromise" and "The Late John Garfield Blues" are particularly introspective, with his humor coming through on "Everybody (Needs Somebody That They Can Talk To)," which is about a fisherman running over Jesus as He is walking on the water. Not too many people could think of such a situation, and Prine's imagination repeats itself in startling and gritty lyric imagery throughout the album.

6. A breath not of fresh, but pure air — that's what the new Paul Winter Consort album ICARUS (on Epic) is in a world of dischords and harsh noises and melodies. There is a subtlety and sweetness and intelligence that sets this music far apart from anything else. To describe it well could only be done by asking one to listen — melodies embraced by cello, and oboe, piano and classical guitar, soprano sax and English horn, myriad minor rhythm machines — and everything presided over by an insightful wisdom and benevolence. A totally unique, gentle music that can capture the eloquent mood of a piece titled "The Silence of a Candle" or the encompassing vision of "Whole Earth Chant" or the sprightliness of "Juniper Bear." Produced with obvious love by George (of the Beatles) Martin, this album deserves ten times as much attention as it will probably get.

7. DREAMS (on Raccoon), by High Country, continues that group's homage to and application of the exuberance and variety of traditional country music and bluegrass. Finding inspiration is not difficult for them because of the huge source area they work from. For instance, they need only go as far as Bill Monroe for enough material for ten albums. Instead, they pick four songs for this album and augment them with some early Merle Haggard and some old Ma Rainey and a few traditional pieces like "Katy Hill" and "Little Rabbit." What you have is toe-tapping, foot-stomping, good old-timey music that blesses its listener with the joy of being alive (even when the theme is tragic). This kind of music is making great inroads with the general public and groups of the quality of High Country are big factors in that acceptance.

8. John Mayall continues his exploration and fusion of blues and jazz in MOVING ON (on Polydor), his second album working with a basically jazz unit (Blue Mitchell on trumpet,

Victor Gaskin on bass, Freddy Robinson on guitar). The album was recorded in a club, with several other jazz people sitting in (notably Clifford Solomon on alto tenor sax and Ernie Watts on tenor). Working off fairly standard Mayall songs, the band and the individuals soar in their energetic explorations of jazz-blues. Mitchell's trumpet work is so precise it defies criticism and Gaskin is ostensibly one of the finest bass masters judging from his work on this album. As always with Mayall, the focus is constantly shifting, but wherever it lands on this LP, the quality is superior.

9. After having graced just about everyone's albums — from Dylan to John Simon — David Bromberg is suddenly becoming a popular phenomenon in his own right. His first album was promising, and now his second, DEMON IN DISGUISE, delivers the goods. You start at the level that qualifies Bromberg as one of the top four-or-five guitar pickers (thus all the studio work). Then you mix in a zaniness that is always reflected in his stage appearance and quite often in his songs (the title cut, for instance). Then you bring into consideration his choice of playmates (Andy Statman standing in on mandolin). Finally, a willingness to tackle a variety of material (Tut Taylor's "Sugar In The Gourd," Jerry Jeff Walker's "Mr. Bojangles," assorted Irish fiddle tunes). What you end up with is a marvelously entertaining album. Particularly notable are "Diamond Lil," "Sharon" and the title cut, which says it all: "Don't let the glasses fool you/Stand beside me when you measure my size/Don't let false estimations rule you/Some evening you might come to realize..."

10. Finally the album that you should probably be giving as a gift to your best friend. It's called WILL THE CIRCLE BE UNBROKEN, ostensibly by the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, but featuring Earl Scruggs, Merle Travis, Mother Maybelle Carter, Vassar Clements, Norman Blake, Jimmie Martin, Roy Acuff, Doc Watson and Junior Huskey. This triple album is on United Artists and it is possibly the most beautifully constructed concept since Bangla Desh. It took over a year since the album was finished for it to get to the stores, this being an indication of the care and time that producer Bill McEuen put into his work. The material is solid traditional, with roots in both bluegrass and country and western. It is entirely acoustic, and marks the first time several of these legendary music people met — Merle Travis and Doc Watson, for example. Because this album is as much a labor of love as a musical project, it successfully achieves its aim of drawing a whole generation back to its own roots and making it feel a pride and awareness of what has been too often marked off as inconsequential music. In the next issue, I will have a long piece on both Nitty Gritty and the making of the album. In the meantime, if anybody trusts my taste, pick up on this album.

Finally, because it would be insane to try and list all the albums that have been notoriously overlooked in the last year, I went through my records and picked out 20 that I really got off on. There's probably at least 20 or 30 more, so these are just the first 20 I could think of. I'll simply list them and group their styles a little bit together.

Among the singer-writers, these stand out. Bruce Cockburn with TRUE NORTH (Epic) has the mellowness of the early Jesse Colin Young. DAVID BUSKIN (Epic) has written for many folk people, most recently Mary Travers. Townes Van Zandt is one of the overlooked geniuses, and his latest, HIGH, LOW AND IN BETWEEN (Poppy) is its habitually excellent self. Gordon Bok has two albums on Folk Legacy that contain songs of the sea and the country done in a uniquely strong style, like that of a lumberman sitting at a fire and entertaining. Arthur Miller — not the playwright — displays a joyous humor on HANGING OUT AND SETTLING DOWN (Columbia). B.W. Stevenson is a Texan songwriter whose two albums on RCA are filled with good material. Michael Murphy is also a Texan, and his first album, GERONIMO'S CADILLAC (A&M) is at times haunting and at other times lighthearted. Finally, John Martyn is an English writer with a distinctive vocal style who writes very upbeat and lovely ballads.

Among the groups: Brian Auger and the Oblivion Express provided some excellent hard blues and rock on SECOND WAVE (RCA). Little Feat proved to be the most promising new American group with two superior albums, LITTLE FEAT and SAILIN' SHOES (both on Warner Brothers), featuring the guitar work of Lowell George, who has a reputation on the West Coast that matches that of Roy Buchanan on the East Coast. I've been able to hear a preview of their third LP and even without the guitar tracks laid down, it's absolutely funky. SHANTI (Atlantic) blended West Coast psychedelia with Indian mysticism as four rock musicians joined the sons of Ali Akbar Khan and Ravi Shankar's tabla player and another Indian drummer, all masters of Eastern music, in an exciting transcultural fusion. Cowboy was a group whose roots were in Buffalo Springfield and

the music of the rural south that they grew up in. Two albums graced the stores, REACH FOR THE SKY and 5'LL GETCHA TEN (Capricorn), both filled with an absolute mellowness. The second Doobie Brothers is called LISTEN TO THE MUSIC (W.B.) and it is as tight as you could possibly want, with very steady rockin' and rollin'. Batdorf and Rodney had two beautiful albums on Atlantic and Asylum, respectively titled OFF THE SHELF and BATDORF AND RODNEY. Their debt to Buffalo Springfield is also great, and they are highly listenable. Dan Hicks and His Hot Licks approach their music with a different reverence: the styles of Lambert Hendricks and Ross and Django Reinhardt. Their second Blue Thumb LP STRIKING IT RICH, is a masterful recreation of a past style. Finally an English group called Dando Shaft delivered a lovingly sculptured album of acoustic British-folk-rock that was similar, though not traditional, to the sound of Pentangle and Steeleye Span.

It's unfair to just list these albums like this. But if somebody gives you a few extra dollars and you feel like gambling, go out and pick up one or more of these albums. I don't think you will be disappointed by any of them.

JESUS WAS A CAPRICORN —  
Kris Kristofferson — (Monument)

By David Logan

The times I've listened to John Prine, I've wondered who besides Bob Dylan his voice reminded me of. Kris Kristofferson answered this for me on his new album, JESUS WAS A CAPRICORN, by parenthetically dedicating the first song to that gem, Mr. Prine. This revelation was perhaps the only universal truth revealed on this album, other than the fact that I've finally decided that Kris just doesn't make it for me.

The problems that plagued the Rhodes Scholar-turned-folksinger on his earlier LP's seem to continue on this latest effort. His paucity of good material (he has definitely written only one "Me and Bobby McGee") is painfully obvious here, when after not only one, but after ten listenings all the songs run together in the ear and mind. He seems to be in some kind of eternal rut, with painful ballads of unrequited love dominating his existence to the point when a little optimism seems like an aural aberrance. Taken by themselves, these occasional uppers can be fulfilling and even fun — "The Silver Tongued Devil and I," was a recorded voyage back to the images of the life and times of McCABE & MRS. MILLER. On this album, the title song "Jesus Was A Capricorn" stands well by itself as a light-hearted and totally sacrilegious look at contemporary society. Some of the lyrics are priceless. Witness:

Jesus was a Capricorn. He ate organic foods. He believed in love and peace and never wore no shoes. Long hair, beard and sandals and a funky bunch of friends reckoned they'd just nail Him up if He came down again.

'Cause everybody's got to have somebody to look down on who they can feel better than at any time they please. Someone doing something dirty decent folks can frown on. If you can't find nobody else then help yourself to me.

He manages on this cut to capture some of the essence of the blend of country and folk at its best by keeping the jauntiness of upbeat country without catering to its narrow thematic content.

This is rarely seen on the rest of the album, though. The other shortcoming he displays besides dreadfully limited material is the equally limited variation in his singing. On this collection, this is improved upon by the addition of Rita Coolidge on four cuts. She makes "It Sure Was (Love)" a good tune in that it's an average song (somewhat reminiscent of Delaney and Bonnie) that sounds refreshingly different than the rest of Kristofferson's recordings. Still, on the other cuts, it's a question of Kristofferson dragging her down into his style, instead of utilizing the bluesy qualities of Rita's voice to explore what could be a really promising sound. I suppose that that sound would have to come with Kris appearing on her album, but it would be an improvement over the sad (in all senses of the word) grooves on this disc. Think I'll counterbalance all this by listening to the Osmonds for a while.

CLASS CLOWN —  
George Carlin — (Little David)

The question of what makes people laugh has been debated for years. George Carlin well exemplifies one approach on this new album, CLASS CLOWN. Carlin gets us to laugh, at ourselves.

On his last album (FM & AM), the transition from straight Johnny Carson comic to jive hipster was the outstanding characteristic. The material, though appropriately "hip" (liberal sprinklings of drug humor, profanity and the like), was still culled heavily from a television background, with the skits revolving around a TV news or TV show setting.

In CLASS CLOWN, Carlin returns to his roots. On side one, he very effectively takes us back to elementary school — to the foundations of the basic, naive humor that seems so lacking in today's comedy let alone, today's world. Cracking your knuckles, laughing at farts, making little girls vomit, it's all there. Most importantly, it's genuine humor, the kinds of universal experiences that put all people on a common plane and dig right at the pretensions that grow so rapidly with age and maturity. If one is pretentious, he won't be able to take George Carlin for long.

The second side is divided into two sections, one the classic "Seven Words You Can Never Say on TV" (which got him arrested after a Milwaukee performance), the other a hilarious "discussion" of Catholic schools. While my exposure to parochial education has admittedly been vicarious, it is obvious that the insights Carlin has into the institution are right on target. In dealing with the Catholic obsession with sin, Carlin is incisive.

An offshoot of the debate on what makes people laugh deals with the environment in which the comedian works. A Bob Hope can get his humor (such as it is) across to an audience of ten or ten thousand. Carlin's humor is, for lack of a better term, more personal. I've seen him twice, at the Kennedy Center and in Milwaukee (in the midst of 30,000 sweaty bodies at a fair), and it is obvious that the visual is an important part of his performance. When you're straining to see from the 40th row, a lot of the potential effect is lost. Although success will probably prevent his return to the intimacy of small clubs like Washington's Cellar Door (where FM&AM was recorded), it's something I would very much like to see. The effects of performing in the cavernous Santa Monica Auditorium are detrimental to the personal qualities of Carlin's humor on CLASS CLOWN. Nevertheless, it's a very funny album, well worth the laughs — at yourself.

D.L.





# AT THE MOVIES

## THE EMIGRANTS

By Lee Westenberg

A Swedish film, *THE EMIGRANTS*, now playing in smaller neighborhood theaters, has probably outgrown its suburban "sleeper" status, and it deserves to.

Director Jan Troell evokes a larger array of real emotions and concerns than I've seen in a movie since, well, since Louis Malle's *PHANTOM INDIA*. There is a comparison, I think, between the two. Both are approachable by that curious, amorphous satisfaction that comes when one knows what the basic boundaries of an adventure will be. The site for Malle's film, we know, will be India — a country with a baffling troupe of associations, from the spices and jewels of yore to hampering mysticism and sweltering poverty. My point being that with such a resonant subject our receptors instinctively prime themselves to receive messages from many levels of the sensory tote-board, because our initial focus has been pre-set.

And the same goes for the *Saga of Emigration*, since nearly everyone's personal or ancestral past is rooted in such a struggle of passage. This is arch, even burly language, but when nostalgia edges in on epic events, the tendency often is to exaggerate the limits of life-size stamina.

I expected *THE EMIGRANTS* to be quite an exertion of the muscles — lots of heaving, trekking, sweating, chopping. There was plenty of this alright, but the real grit involved the facts of mental exhaustion present in the Swedish homeland — too many rocks (the opening shot) and too much winter to farm the land, religious persecution and the restless lures of America, that new land of endlessly fertile soil and the promise of freedom and comfort.

Liv Ullmann and Max von Sydow play a married couple who make the journey west with a band of countrymen in the 1830's. Though I've seen both together before in a fair number of Bergman films, their rapport again seems freshly intimate. Von Sydow plays a pale, brooding, taciturn type; he seems vulnerable to the point at which shyness becomes indifference, but the tenacity is there. He swears routinely at the barren land, and his wife rebukes him (Ullmann's piety doesn't fit with her character, she is not self-righteous, and this trait is quietly dropped), but when he sees that lightning has struck the barn, his reaction is muted, almost casual.

Ms. Ullmann is lovely and fragile as the wife. I find in her voice an unmatched range of inflection. She is filmed often close-up and in full-face, (von Sydow is handled differently) reinforcing my feeling of a conflict between her candor and his reserve. Ullmann's character has not hidden her fears with her husband's defense of unshockability.

Troell chose to film close-ups of von Sydow primarily in profile, which make him

look sturdier somehow, but which mean that the force of his gestures and speech is lessened by indirection. Only seldom does he seem to act toward us. For instance, their love was rather puzzling. The wife seems unfair when she complains that he is unaware of his role in her fourth pregnancy, yet when she is near death on the ship, von Sydow strangely agrees that they have always been the "best of friends." I admit to an infatuation for Ms. Ullmann, so my vicarious urge for more ardor from von Sydow may exceed that of other viewers. Anyway, *THE EMIGRANTS* is, above all, a saga, and much of its import is captured through characters and details apart from the central pair.

There is a young boy about 16, who sets out on the trip believing all those tall-tales of the frontier; indeed, the hope of emigration comes first from him. He's smart enough to study English, however, just in case the minister (whose spirit grows more benevolent as the voyage takes the lives of his wife and child) is wrong; in case the Holy Spirit doesn't imbue the devout with the new tongue as soon as they step ashore. There's the boy's oafish comrade, whom we watch become less and less of what first seemed to be a youth with a violent streak. There are beautiful Nordic children and an unmarried termagant of a woman who is neither a whore nor the golden-hearted image of Mother — her designs on von Sydow are a mild confusion.

Troell makes almost no attempt to portray the non-emigrants. The ship's crew is aloof with a trace of condescension, and the "native" Americans are distinguished mainly by their inability to speak Swedish. Likewise, Troell's imagination seems uneven in the opening section (the longest) on Sweden. Too many bucolic, tranquil shots of farm chores, I thought, but one stirring angle through a window of von Sydow building his baby's coffin. And another of von Sydow's parents waving goodbye. Similarly, in the concluding American segment, the tension seems to over-relax, as if there were no risks once the new land was reached. Yet there were fine views of the midwest wilderness and a lasting shot of a torchlit paddle-wheeler moving up river at night.

Troell surprised me with the landing scene. American ports in the 1830's were bruising, callous enterprises, I thought, but the emigrants dock in a lyrical haven with green grass at the foot of the gang-plank. These shortcomings are, perhaps, not overly worrisome, for the emigration itself, the rite of passage on-board ship, is magnificent and heroic. The awe of the risk comes home with the first view of the ship, sails full, looming around a rocky coast. The camera captures the suffering and the beauty: a day's ration of water gone with

a sudden lurch, a bowl of hemorrhaged blood, vomit oozing down the walls of the hold, the claustrophobia, the stench, but also the rigging at dawn, an accordion player, a meal in the sun, the first sighting of land. Once embarked, there are no orations on the land of opportunity. The emigrants are grittily concerned with endurance.

This is a photographer's film. Most of the dialogue is unnecessary except as sound. One advantage of watching a sub-titled film is that the dialogue automatically serves a role as an instructor in the enhancements of sound. In this film, the sound is part of the saga, not merely a summary interpreter providing verbal digests of the action. (Troell has no mass-action sequences, incidentally, only the unspectacular exertions of the grind). Listen for the sound to play, on and off, a number of

roles — as verb, as adjective; as a setter of moods: staccato, awe, fortitude. I like to think Troell made the 16-year-old boy have earaches to alert us to the film's sonic subtlety.

For the Atlantic passage alone, this film deserves a long run in the theaters. Because the lens is directed at America from abroad, there is the benefit of a different cultural perspective. And if the last section is anticlimactic and the first seems uncertain about whether to delve into the Ullmann-von Sydow characters or develop subordinate ones, and if the result is a lack of true epic sweep, *THE EMIGRANTS* is nevertheless a good film about heroic people. It touches forthrightly on an elusive range of emotions, and that's rare enough.

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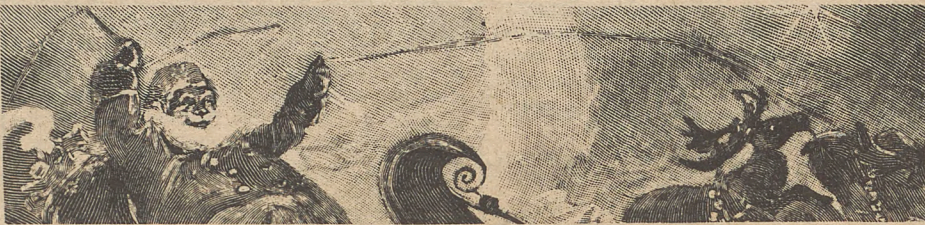
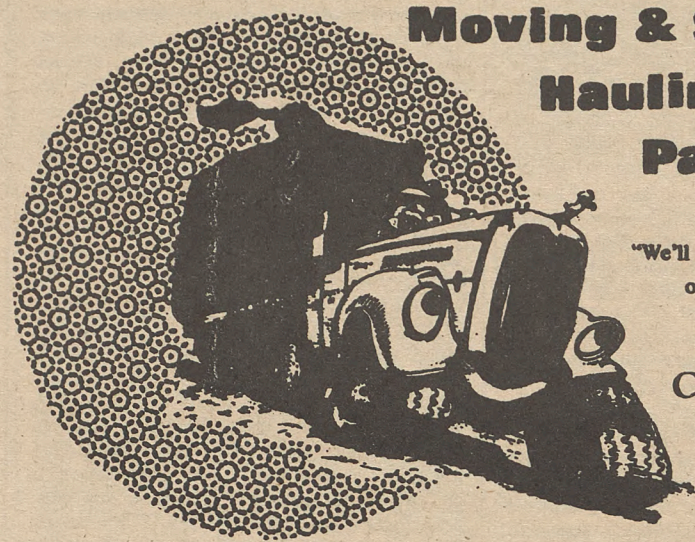
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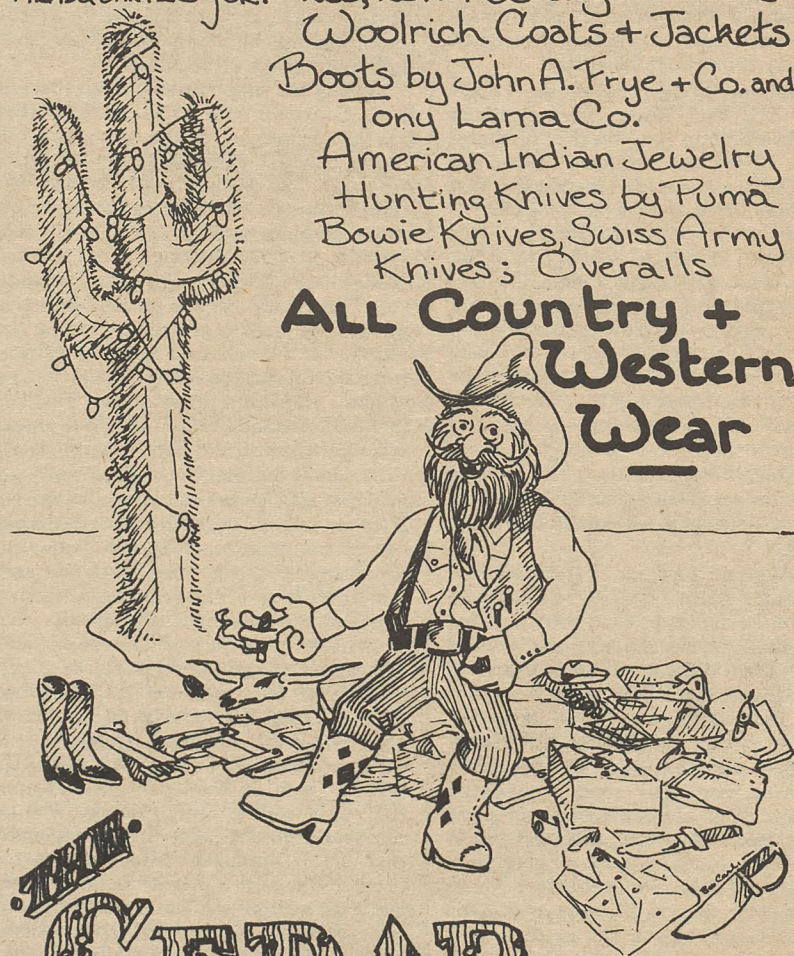


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## MYTHS AND MODERN MAN

Barbara Stanford w/ Gene Stanford, Pocket Books, 362 pp., \$1.45, (paper).

## MYTHOLOGY

[Ed. Pierre Maranda], Penguin, 320 pp., \$3.95, (paper).

## WOLFWINTER

Thomas Burnett Swann, Ballantine, 203 pp., \$1.25, (paper).

## THE IRON DREAM

Norman Spinrad, Avon, 255pp., \$.95, (paper).

By John Burgess  
Nicholas of Smyrna, Santa Claus, Black Peter, Pere Noel — 'tis the season to be jolly, all thanks to myth. I don't think anyone is about to doubt the power and influence of mythology upon man throughout the ages. Equally, since everyone is in basic agreement, I see no need in arguing the point. Instead, I'll tell you about some new book dealing with mythology, some of them very good, some of them very, very bad.

Quite conveniently, at least for me, four books dealing with myth fall into two sets of two. The first set has to do with classical myths; myths whose origins are lost to history.

The first of these books is MYTHS AND MODERN MAN [MMM]. While this book can hardly be considered the most profound book of the year, MMM is an excellent book. It's quite valuable to anyone interested in Man and his Myths. Simply, this book is a collection of myths from six continents, categorized through reference to their subject matter.

Thus, we can look at man's ideas of his Origins through the eyes of the Maori, Hindu, Greek, Aztec, Navajo, Zuni and others. We can see how the Japanese, Vietnamese, Turks, Irish, Swahili and Babylonian — again, among others — saw the ways in which Man and Woman Differ. The Perfect State of Man, the Problems of Peace and the Finality of Death are also considered.

The strongest point of the book is that the myths are given with almost no commentary; the reader is left to his own devices

in interpreting the value and importance of each story. He is on his own in correlating the similarities and variances of men's differing ideas.

I've only one complaint with the book and it's a complaint about something I know could not have been changed. It is a pity, though, that the Odyssey had to be condensed to 14 pages: the myths all had to be given in synopsis. Perhaps, though, through being able to at least find the myths, an interested reader will go back to the originals.

Special praise must be given to Jay and Sherwood Roper for their delightful illustrations which are scattered — with great effect — throughout the pages of this book. Too, the authors must be thanked for their provoking inclusion of modern man's treatment of myths, from McLuhan to monsters to men from Mars.

MYTHS AND MODERN MAN is a wonderful book. It's a joy to read and a pleasure to learn from.

The other part of this first set — the early, original myths — is Penguin's new book on mythology. This book decidedly lacks the spontaneity of the first one; it's a collection of essays by sociologists from around the world. One can immediately jump to the conclusion that this book will be scholarly, erudite, backed with statistics and so on. One can immediately be right. The only joy in this book is the satisfaction of following a difficult path to a new awareness. The book is a desert with only a few oases of myths themselves to prevent the reader from dessicating halfway through it.

MYTHOLOGY is — however dryly — interesting. It is basically a text book with a variety of approaches toward the study of myths. Among the essays are Edmund Leach's "Anthropological Aspects of Language: Animal Categories and Verbal Abuse." [Very interesting! One doesn't eat or mate with those animals that he considers "near" to him, i.e. "pig," "dog," "cat." He only uses them as swear words!]. Dmitry M. Segal's "The Connection Between the Semantics and the Formal Structure of a Text" [Find a camel (pretty close, so watch it!), and head for the nearest oasis. This one's phenomenally obtuse.]

and Claude Levi-Strauss' "The Raw and the Cooked" [Symbolic Logic, here we come.]

Is it worthwhile? Definitely yes. Even if you don't get anything but brain-strain from a few of the essays. Read what you can of it and feel the satisfaction of having earned new knowledge.

Mythology, however, is not limited to the Rg Veda or folk-tales of primitive tribes in New Zealand. Man still questions himself and his world. He still tries to find answers to the unanswerable questions, even if he can only arrive at partial solutions. One of man's current modes of asking is found in that genre of writing known as Science-Fiction/Fantasy [SF/F], the second, convenient category.

Thomas Swann, in WOLFWINTER, re-examines several Greek myths — notably those concerning beasts such as the faun and sprites, as the diads and nyriads — through a re-telling of quasi-history. In other words, he makes up his own classical Greek myth.

Drawing on history — the places do/did exist — personages — Sappho did live and her poetry is amply quoted — and mythology — the beasts and sprites, — Swann invents a story that rings so true that it is hard to believe that it was not written some thousands of years ago.

The story is delicate and warm, but it is by no means a treacly LOVE STORY. His characters are complex enough for the reader to accept as real, but they don't lose the reader in their introspection. There's nothing "heavy" about this book. It's just a very entertaining, very likeable story. It's distinctly the sort of book you'd give to a friend because you liked it so much.

But not all myths are lucid and heart-warming. Some are as dark and blood-curdling as one could structure in a nightmare. The "Aryan Myth," for example. It is just this mythological system and its Dyaus Pitar/Deus Pater/Jupiter — Hitler — that THE IRON DREAM contends with.

Unfortunately, this book inexorably stinks. The idea behind it is excellent: in 1919, an ex-radical-politician named Adolph Hitler emigrated to New York. After working as an illustrator for magazines and comic books

while learning English, said Hitler, in 1935, turned to writing Science-Fiction. This career culminated in his winning of a posthumous Hugo Award in 1955, for his novel LORD OF THE SWASTIKA. Not a bad idea, is it?

Well, Norman Spinrad — who seems to be cultivating the reputation of a writer-about-odious-characters [see BUG JACK BARRON and MEN IN THE JUNGLE] — has blown it.

All he does is to have Hitler's novel — the main portion of the book — mirror, with some distortion, the actual events that took place in Europe of the thirties and forties. Up to a point.

It's entertaining, for 50-or-so pages, to play with your own mind and pick up the correspondences between the situation of the "Truemen" on "Heldon" trying to crush out the "Mutants" under control of the "Eastern power" of "Zind" and the events of historical Europe. But how it does drag on.

Of course, since Spinrad-via-Hitler is writing the history set forth in the novel, the "hero" — named "Jagger" (!?) — is obsessive, probably a latent sado-masochistic homosexual, paranoiac. Ho hum. . . Of course, the "hero" "wins" and sets out to colonize the Universe. ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ.

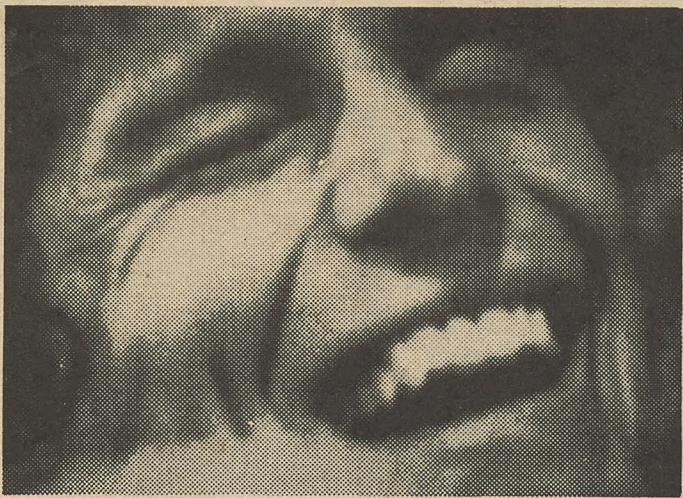
This isn't enough, though. Spinrad has included for us an epilogue by "Homer Whipple of N.Y.U." which proceeds to tell us that a careful analysis of the novel (LORD OF THE SWASTIKA) shows that A. Hitler, novel-ist, was an obsessive, probably latent homosexual, sado-masochistic paranoiac. Really.

The book is utter trash. I can't see how the critics who endorse it on the cover — two of whom I respect as writers of SF/F — could have been taken in by it. Absolute garbage.

But again, not all of mythology deals with man's questions of life and death, or of politics. There are many other areas in his life where man has a need for mythology. He still goes on inventing them to explain more and more of the problems that come into his life. Wine, Women, and Song. Food and Nutrition. Cars, Horses, Cigars. Here, at least, is a starting point that you can consider while Father Time is shown the door by the Babe of '73.

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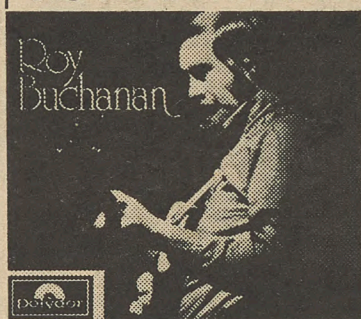
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## CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

ROY BUCHANAN

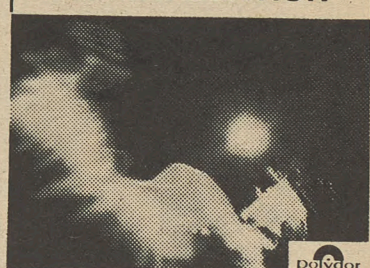


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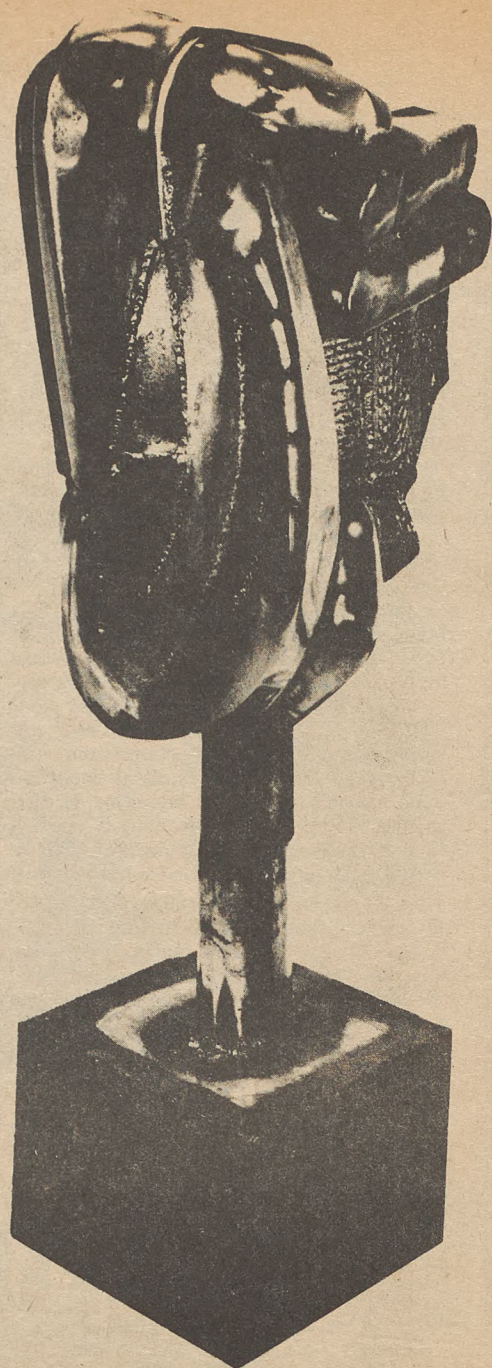


PHOTO and STORY by JOHN WALDRON

Todd Pendleton and the SCULPTURE HOUSE are synonymous in as much as the gallery reflects the personality and style of this fine area artist.

I found this gallery to be a neatly kept two story house, secluded by rows of cinder-block warehouses, only noticeable by a large chrome sculpture with an orange sign with brown letters simply reading "SCULPTURE HOUSE." Walking up the steps toward the house, I was confronted by a large outdoor sculpture. It seemed to be in the midst of a tug-of-war with itself. There were two large geometric, fabricated sheet steel forms pushing and pulling on folded pieces of brightly painted steel in the middle. I was to learn later that Todd's friends had nicknamed this sculpture the "Trash-masher."

As I opened the door of the gallery, a small sign caught my eye. It read, "We're in the backyard working - Please call - Thanks - Todd and Jack." It was quite a unique gallery. The rooms were well lit, carpeted, and the walls were painted a soft white throughout. Classical music was complementing the beautiful paintings and sculptures that were being exhibited.

Finding myself alone in the gallery, I decided to take advantage of the serenity. I picked up a brochure which presented the artists currently showing. They included paintings on plastic by Jerry Balance, non-objective oils by Sara Morris, sculpture in plastic by Ellen Vincent, contemporary oils by Ros Shaffer, and metal sculptures by Todd Pendleton. I found out later that these artists are one of many group shows held at the SCULPTURE HOUSE during the fall and winter months. The gallery makes it a point to exhibit contemporary art work by professional area artists.

After viewing the gallery, I decided to do what the sign had suggested, "Call out back," and meet the owners of this unusual establishment. Walking through the backyard I saw rows and rows of automobile bumpers which Todd uses in his steel sculpture. In the midst of the bumpers was the studio. From the building came the harsh sound of metal being pounded vigorously and I could see the sparks from a welding torch through the windows. I opened the door and was warmly

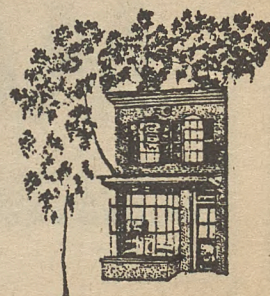
greeted by Todd and Jack Pendleton. Todd was welding a chrome sculptured cocktail table. This gave me the opportunity to see an artist actually creating one of his works. Todd avoids the cold super-smooth car bumper feeling by contrasting the shiny section with parts that are black and charred. He first welds the bumpers together and into shape. He then applies his torch to the surface, achieving a corrugated design. Jack explained that along with helping his brother, he is also the director of the SCULPTURE HOUSE. The studio was roomy with good light from the windows. The floor was covered with stone to avoid any fire hazard. In the middle of the studio was a large work table, covered with tools and torches. There were cut-off pieces of metal on the floor and stacks of rusted sheet metal against the walls. It was a cold day but inside the studio we were kept warm by a small heater.

After observing the contents of the studio, I began asking a million questions of Todd and Jack. Their answers gave me a great deal of insight as to how a full-time artist supports himself and the gallery in today's world. They first explained to me that the artists who are invited to the SCULPTURE HOUSE to exhibit their works split up the cost of mailing invitations, refreshments for the receptions and other costs, with the gallery for each show. The gallery relies on the sale of Todd's metal sculptures to pay expenses for the most part. Therefore, this is a good place for artists to exhibit without spending two or three hundred dollars for a hanging fee and then give the gallery 40 percent of the sale price of their work. The gallery has a long list of patrons who support the exhibitions regularly. The artists also send invitations to their patrons, thereby creating an endless source of art buyers for the gallery.

If you haven't heard of the SCULPTURE HOUSE before, it is no wonder. Todd and Jack do not advertise. They have built their sound reputation in the arts by "word of mouth."

Todd and Jack would like to extend an open invitation to the general public. They are located at 4224 Howard Avenue, Kensington, Maryland, and are open Tuesday thru Saturday, 9 AM to 5 PM, and Sunday, 12 noon to 5 PM; they are closed Monday.

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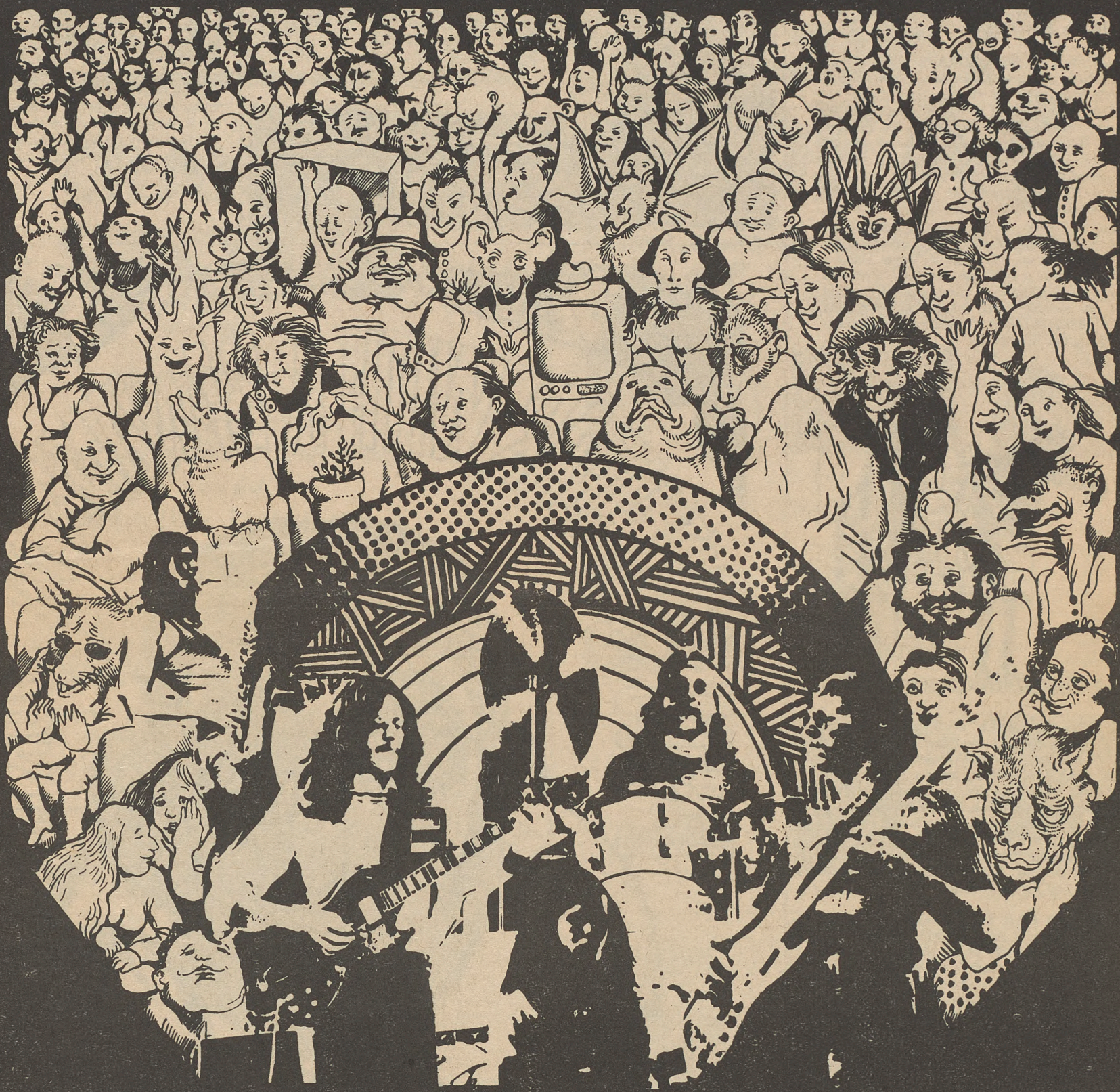


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# In your own backyard

LA GALLERIE POPULAIRE, a new gallery, opened a month ago in Washington. The gallery is dedicated to the development and exposure of new, local artists. At present, the work of about 33 artists, in painting, photography, sculpture, ceramics, and prints are represented. Because of the relative newness of the artists, the prices are reasonable. La Gallerie Populaire is located at 4811 Wisconsin Avenue, N.W., next to the Outer Circle Theatres. For information, call 244-1380 or 244-1381.

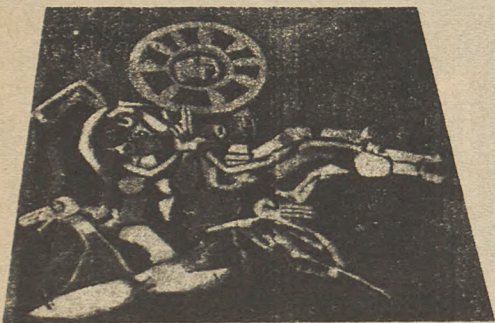
HISTORY OF PHOTOGRAPHY as an artistic medium, a course emphasizing general trends and ideas, will be starting on January 13. Although there will be technical information, much attention will be paid to the showing and discussion of slides of the work of outstanding photographers. The topics will be General Introduction; Techniques and Aesthetics; The Portrait; The City and Natural Landscapes; The Social Landscape; The Nude; Recent Work. It is suggested that those interested register about two weeks before the classes are scheduled to begin, because unless there is sufficient interest (15 people) there isn't going to be any course. The tuition is an incredible \$20 for session concluding on March 3. For information, call Nancy Rexroth at 723-1130.



SMALLER WORKS of Fritz Scholder are being exhibited at the Henri Gallery 2, 1875 Connecticut Avenue, N.W. Scholder, a painter of American Indians, has recently been receiving critical acclaim for his works and has written a current book, SCHOLDER/INDIANS and has just returned from Europe where he was touring under the auspices of U.S.I.A./Smithsonian Institution. Scholder's unique vision of the Indian is worth your consideration and enjoyment.

ARK OF LIFE SERIES, ecological studies in Burlap and Acrylics, will run from January 9 through 29 at the Spectrum Gallery. Spectrum is an artist's cooperative gallery, located at 3033 M Street, N.W., in George town. The show will be free. Gallery hours are Tues. - Sat: 10-5; Friday evening 7-10; Sun. 2-5. For information, call 593-3544.

YOUR MIND is a terrible thing to waste! Federal City College is now accepting applications for the Winter Quarter. To apply, write or visit the FCC Admission Office at 1321 H Street, N.W., or phone 727-2270 before December 26th.



CHAKRAVARTI

PULAK GOGOI is now being presented in a one-man-show of paintings at the Hodge Galleries, 520 N. Washington St., Alexandria, Va. Pulak is from the eastern part of India. Like many contemporary artists, he seems to have a passion for using the horse as a symbol the way Picasso used it. With Gogoi, however,

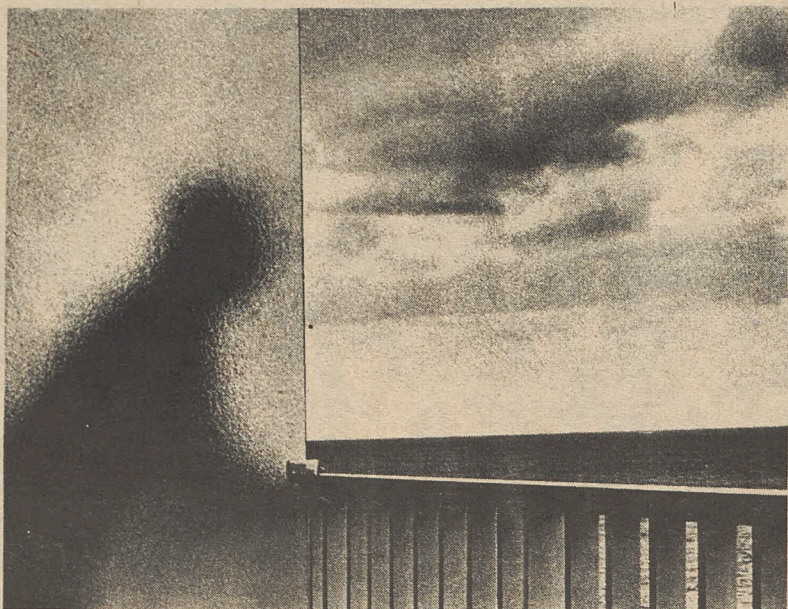
the horse does not have as wide a range of connotative meanings, frequently represented with no attempt at symbolism. This is his first show in the United States.

A CARAVAN SOUTH is being planned for the later part of January. Forming under the helpful guidance of "Rainbow," the caravan will travel through Florida, New Orleans,

Texas, and possibly New Mexico. Those interested will work their ways along, doing such services as simple construction/destruction, offering horoscopes, trucking, giving advice and technical assistance in Whole Earth techniques, playing music, practicing ecology, giving drug-abuse lectures, telling fortunes, and whatever else the participants can do for anyone who needs a service performed. This is a gentle collection of good people traveling with the sun, and planning to return with it in the Spring.

Unfortunately, the phone number of the "Rainbow" people has been misplaced at press time, so if one of them would give it to us again, we would be happy to refer all potential travellers to them.

A MAJOR SHOW is currently under way at Silver Image Photography Gallery (at the Photo Project, 1804 Wisconsin Ave., N.W.). The showing of photographs of Andre Kertesz will run through January 14. Kertesz, the man to whom Henri Cartier-Bresson referred as "The man to whom we all owe a great deal" is the father of candid photography. The artist, born in 1884, in Budapest, now lives on Washington Square in Greenwich Village and is actively taking photographs and traveling. For additional information, contact the gallery at 965-0500.



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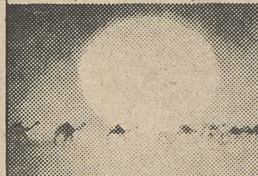
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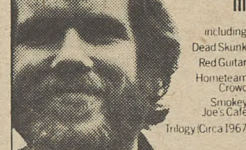
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# CALENDAR OF DELIGHTS

## TUESDAY, DECEMBER 19

### MUSIC

Tim Hardin & Emmy Lou Harris; Cellar Door; 337-3389  
John Hartford; The Stardust; 843-6233  
Christmas Music—Choral Arts Society; JFK; 8:30; \$6.50-\$1; 254-3600  
Julliard String Quartet; Coolidge Auditorium; 8:30 393-4463  
Richie Cole; Blues Alley; 337-4141

### FILMS

Downhill Racer & Blue Water, White Death; Circle; 337-4470  
The Emigrants; Baronet; 656-3400  
Putney Swope & Performance; Biograph; 333-2696

## WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20

### MUSIC

Tim Hardin & Emmy Lou Harris (see Dec. 19)  
John Hartford (see Dec. 19)  
National Symphony Orchestra presents P.D.Q. Bach; JFK; 8:30; \$6.50-\$3.50; 254-3776  
Richie Cole (see Dec. 19)

### FILMS

In Cold Blood & Repulsion; Circle; 337-4470  
The Emigrants (see Dec. 19)  
Fellini's Roma; Key (for four weeks)  
Two English Girls; Outer Circle II; 244-3116 (for two weeks)  
Putney Swope & Performance (see Dec. 19)

### EVENTS

Folkdancing; GWU Marvin Ctr. Ballroom; 8-10:30pm; \$.75  
Skazki — 2 Russian Fairy Tales; Smithsonian Puppet Theatre  
381-5395 (through Jan.)

## THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21

### MUSIC

Liz Meyer & Friends; Childe Harold; 9:30-1:30; 483-6702  
Tim Hardin & Emmy Lou Harris (see Dec. 19)  
John Hartford (see Dec. 19)  
Messiah Sing-In; JFK; 8:30; free; 254-3600  
Richie Cole (see Dec. 19)

### FILMS

Creative Screen — Christmas Cracker; Tops; Toccata for Toy  
Trains; The Great Toy Robbery; Grand Salon, Renwick  
Gallery; 11:45am; 12:30; 1:15; 2pm  
The Collector & Lord of the Flies; Circle; 337-4470  
Putney Swope & Performance (see Dec. 19)

### EVENTS

Hansel & Gretel — Operetta; JFK; 8pm; \$6.50-\$4.50;  
254-3600.

## FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22

### MUSIC

Liz Meyer & Friends (see Dec. 21)  
Tim Hardin & Emmy Lou Harris (see Dec. 19)  
John Hartford (see Dec. 19)  
Richie Cole (see Dec. 19)  
Potomac English Handbell Ringers; JFK; 6:30; free;  
254-3600

### FILMS

Take the Money and Run & Where's Poppa?; Circle;  
337-4470  
The cocoanuts & Alice in Wonderland; Biograph; 333-2696

### EVENTS

National Ballet — Nutcracker; Lisner Auditorium; 7pm  
If Coffeehouse; 1313 NY Ave., N.W.; 9pm-1am; 543-7729  
Inner Voices of Lorton — Christmas in Time; JFK; 3:30 pm  
Free; 254-3600  
Holiday on Strings — Bob Brown Marionettes — Washington  
Theatre Club; 11am & 1pm; \$1.50; 466-8860  
Hansel & Gretel (see Dec. 21)

## SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23

### MUSIC

Liz Meyer & Friends (see Dec. 21)  
Tim Hardin & Emmy Lou Harris (see Dec. 19)  
John Hartford (see Dec. 19)  
Richie Cole (see Dec. 19)

### FILMS

See December 22

### EVENTS

National Ballet; 2pm (see Dec. 22)  
If Coffeehouse (see Dec. 22)  
Holiday on Strings (see Dec. 22)  
Christmas Hop; 5017 Wilson La.; 9pm; \$2.50 stag,  
\$4.00 drag; Entertainment & free beer

## SUNDAY, DECEMBER 24

### MUSIC

Handel: The Messiah parts I & II; 6pm; WAMU-FM (88.5)  
Hootenanny; Cellar Door; live on WGTB-FM (90.1); 337-3389

Liz Meyer & Friends; the Bong Works; 18th & Belmont; 3rd  
Floor; 4-5pm; 667-4000

### FILMS

Yellow Submarine, Help, & Let It Be; Circle; 337-4470  
The Cocoanuts & Alice in Wonderland (see Dec 22)

### EVENTS

National Ballet — Nutcracker; 1 & 5pm (see Dec. 22)  
Last Minute Christmas Shopping — see ya in the parking lot!!!

## MONDAY, DECEMBER 25



## MERRY CHRISTMAS!

## TUESDAY, DECEMBER 26

### MUSIC

Sky Cobb; My Mother's Place; 296-0706  
N.Y. String Orchestra, Peter Serkin pianist; JFK; 8:30  
\$2.50 (\$4.50 box); 254-3600  
Fat City & Brian Bowers; Cellar Door; 337-3389

### FILMS

Maltese Falcon & The Big Sleep; Circle; 337-4470  
Reefer Madness, Martian Space Party & Sean; Biograph

### EVENTS

Freddy & the Widad of Rock Creek Park — puppet show;  
Rock Creek Nature Center; 1pm; 426-6820  
National Ballet; Nutcracker; 2pm (see Dec. 22)  
American Ballet Theatre; Swan Lake; JFK; 8pm; 254-3600  
Holiday on Strings (see Dec. 22)  
As You Like It presented by Oxford/Cambridge Shakespeare  
Co.; Trappier Theatre; Washington Cathedral; 8pm  
686-1733

## WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 27

### MUSIC

Sky Cobb (see Dec. 26)  
Fat City & Brian Bowers (see Dec. 26)  
Ray Peterson; the Stardust; 843-6233

### FILMS

See December 26

### EVENTS

Freddy & the Wizard of Rock Creek Park (see Dec. 26)  
National Ballet — Nutcracker (see Dec. 22) 2pm  
Folkdancing (see Dec. 20)  
American Ballet Theatre — Giselle (see Dec. 26)  
Holiday on Strings (see Dec. 22)

## THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28

### MUSIC

Sky Cobb (see Dec. 26)  
Fat City & Brian Bowers (see Dec. 26)  
Ray Peterson (see Dec. 27)  
Liz Meyer & Friends (see Dec. 21)  
Presentation of Cowboy songs; 5:30; WAMU-FM (88.5)

### FILMS

See December 26)

### EVENTS

Freddy & the Wizard of Rock Creek Park (see Dec. 26)  
National Ballet — Nutcracker; 2pm (see Dec. 22)  
American Ballet Theatre — Swan Lake (see Dec. 26)  
Holiday on Strings (see Dec. 22)

## FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29

### MUSIC

Sky Cobb (see Dec. 26)  
Rat City & Brian Bowers (see Dec. 26)  
Ray Peterson (see Dec. 27)

### FILMS

King of Hearts & Thousand Clowns; Circle; 337-4470  
Reefer Madness; Martian Space Party; Sean (see Dec. 26)

### EVENTS

Freddy & the wizard of Rock Creek Park (see Dec. 26)  
National Ballet; 2pm (see Dec. 22)  
American Ballet Theatre; Coppellia (see Dec. 26)  
Holiday on Strings (see Dec. 22)

## SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30

### MUSIC

Sky Cobb (see Dec. 26)  
Balto. Symphony Orchestra; Lyric Theatre, Balto.; 8pm  
(301) 727-7300  
Fat City & Brian Bowers (see Dec. 26)  
Ray Peterson (see Dec. 27)

### FILMS

King of Hearts & Thousand Clowns (see Dec. 29)  
A Night at the Opera & A Day at the Races; Biograph  
337-2696

### EVENTS

National Ballet — Nutcracker (see Dec. 22) 2pm  
If Coffeehouse (see Dec. 23)  
American Ballet Theatre — Swan Lake; 2 & 8pm  
(see Dec. 26)

## SUNDAY, DECEMBER 31

### MUSIC

Liz Meyer & Friends (see Dec. 24)  
Sky Cobb (see Dec. 26)  
Hootenanny; Cellar Door (see Dec. 22)  
Hootenanny; Brickskeller  
Ray Peterson (see Dec. 26)  
Christmas Concert — Cathedral Choral Society; Wash. Cathed-  
ral; 4pm; \$6.50-\$3.50; 966-3423

### FILMS

King of Hearts & Thousand Clown (see Dec. 29)  
A Night at the Opera & A Day at the Races (see Dec. 30)

### EVENTS

National Ballet — Nutcracker; 1pm (see Dec. 22)  
American Ballet Theatre — Petrouchka, Jardon aux Lilas,  
Flames of Paris Pas de Deux, Graduation Ball, 2 & 8pm  
(see Dec. 26)

## MONDAY, JANUARY 1

## HAPPY 1973!!!

### FILMS

See December 31

### EVENTS

National Ballet — Nutcracker; 2pm (see Dec. 22)

## TUESDAY, JANUARY 2

### FILMS

All About Eve & Gentlemen Prefer Blondes; Circle; 337-4470  
A Nighth at the Opera & A Day at the Races (see Dec. 30)

### EVENTS

Freddy & the Wizard of Rock Creek Park (see Dec. 26)  
1, 3, 4pm  
American Ballet Theatre — Pretroucka, Monument for a Dead  
Boy, Grand Pas Classique, Garduation Ball (see Dec. 26)

## UPCOMING HAPPENINGS

### MUSIC

Livingston Taylor; Cellar Door; Jan 4 - 10; 337-3389  
Muddy Waters; Cellar Door; Jan 12-17; 337-3389  
Vienna Boys Choir; JFK; Jan. 5-7; \$6.50-\$3.50; 254-3600  
Frula Jugoslavia Folk Ensemble, JFK; Jan. 6; 8:30  
Philippe Entremont, Pianist, JFK; Jan. 14; 3pm  
Jacqueline duPre, cellist; JFK, Jan. 12, 8:30  
Liz Meyer & Friends; Childe Harold, Jan. 4, 5, 6, 10, 11  
483-6702  
Balto. Symphony Orchestra, Pinchas Zuckerman, violinist,  
Lyric Theatre, Balto; Jan. 3 & 4; 685-50 86  
Joe Hickerson; Washington Ethical Society Meetinhouse  
Jan. 6; 8:30; \$1.50 (free refreshments); 882-6650  
American Ballet Theatre; JFK; thru Jan. 7; 254-3600  
Shenyang Acrobatic Troupe of China; JFK; Jan. 9-11  
JFK; \$4.50-\$9  
Alvin Ailey Dance Theatre; JFK; Jan 15, 16, 17, 21  
Dance Co. of Bali; JFK; Jan. 13; 254-3600  
National Ballet; JFK; Jan. 12-14  
Illustrated lecture on Taiwan; Lyric Theatre; Balto; Jan 11-12  
(301) 685-2370  
Lecture — The Future of Reformation History; Folger  
Library; Jan 8; 8pm; 546-1222  
Opera Talk of La Traviatta; Arlington Co. Public Library;  
Jan. 11; 2pm; free; 558-2161